Amorous ORONTUS:

OR

The Love in Fashion.

ACTUS I.

SCENA I.

ORONTUS. CLITON.

Orontus.

HAst done my Message?

Cliton.

Yes, Sir,

Orontus.

And convey'd
My Letter to the hands of the fair Maid?

Cliton.

To her own, Sir,

Orontus.

And she, I'le warrant paus'd
E're she would read the torments her eyes caus'd,
Would have return'd it coldly back,—and feign'd—

Cliton.

Quite contrary,—Without being constrain'd;
Without demur's, or if's,—or And's,—or stops,
She read it thr'ough.

Orontus.

This was above my hopes!
'Tis more then my fond heart could dare believe;
And she scorns not, for ought I can perceive.

Cliton.

Cupid, with's keenest Shaft, her heart did hit,
And you have, this time, more Success then Wit.

Orontus.

'Bove expectation!

Cliton.

In what you design'd,
You have the Tyde both for you, and the Wind:
You sail in a smooth Sea, and may go far,
Unless some Rival-Pyrate prove a bar.

Orontus.

Thou know'st what Wracks my Vessel's subject to.

Cliton.

From all poor fears, here's that will secure you.

Orontus.

What is't?

Cliton.

Letter for letter, Favour for Favour.

Orontus.

What hath she answer'd?

Cliton.

Yes, Sir,—or

I'me

I'me much miſtaken,—for I long did ſtay,
Till this kind Paper brought me glad away.

Orontus.

Let's open't,—all my hopes I here ſhall ſee.

reads a line or two to himſelf.

I wrote in Verſe, in Verſe ſhe anſwers me:
She's skil'd in all perfections the world knows.

Cliton.

Yes,—Ladies now can do't in Verſe or Proſe:
They handle any good—thing well of late;
So great perfection's in our Female ſtate.

Orontus reads the Letter.

In barture of your Love, which you do prize ſo high
Orontus, *you have dar'd preſume to ask me mine;*
Tho I ſometimes admit of Love, indeed, yet I
Mean it ſhall coſt me nought, elſe I ſhould ſoon decline.

To give you heart for heart, ſuch an exchange would be,
No merit ever durſt aſpire ſo high before:
You proffer homage here, 'cauſe you my worth do ſee:
And I your ſervice own,—Why ſhould you whyne for more?

I ſhall not value yours, at any higher rate.
Can it be juſtly thought, your Love ſhould be more great;
Then let us caſt accompt exact without deceit,
That neither be Trapand and after, cry,—a Cheat!

If thoſe heart-renting ſighs, which you do breathe ſo oft,
Do flatter you with hopes, I ſhall your Sute approve;
Believe me, when I ſay, my breſt is not ſo ſoft;
Nor does a thouſand ſighs weigh one poor grain of Love.

How-ever let us try,—put your ſighs in one ſcale,
And in the other lay, the honour of my Chains,
Swear to abide the teſte,—if my weights chance to fail,
I'le add my heart thereto, and eaſe you of your pains.

DOROTHEA.

Her Anſwer is as ſubtil as 'tis witty;
Such ſuperficial arrogancy's pretty.
This charming pride of her affected ſtile,
Throws as ſtrong Chains upon me, as her ſmile.

Cliton.

Your Song was ſhril, the Eccho anſwers loud.

Orontus.

Nor is it ſtrange to me, that ſhe ſeem's proud:
'Tis like to like, my Letter boaſted mine;
And ſhe in her's, makes her own Merits ſhine.

Cliton.

Strange, or not ſtrange, y'are paid in your own Art.

Orontus.

It was the ſureſt way to take my heart.
Preſumption, in a Woman that begins
To weild Love's Scepter, beſt her Subjects wins:
It ſpeaks her pow'r and grandeur, puts her Worth
Upon it's Throne; ſets all her Glories forth:
Teaching us, we muſt humbly wait below,
And e're a favour ſhe on us beſtow,
By fair degrees of ſervice, we ſhould ſtrive
Unto ſome height of Merit to arrive.
So 'tis no fault; brave Spirits count it none;
Or elſe they find it a moſt pleaſing one.
My humour's ſuch, that as I had before
Priz'd my ſelf much, I'de have her prize her more.

I

I like they ſhould, in a ſlight faſhion
Look coyly in Our new-born paſſion;
An ſhew us 'tis no eaſie task to win
The Fort, nor ſhould One ſummons let us in:
Thoſe that meet no reſiſtance on one part,
Not bravely gain, but poorly begg a heart;
And ſhe whoſe eaſineſs takes up no ſhield,
Rather to pitty does, then merit yield.
I ſcorn ſo tame a purchaſe,—for in ſhort
There moſt I love, where I have paid moſt for't.
All cheap Commodities I ſtill diſpiſe.

Cliton.

Strange Trader in theſe Love-commodities!
But *Flora*,—what of her?

Orontus.

She's ill attended,
Her froward humour hath her Raign ſoon ended.

Cliton.

And yet, Sir, you love to be roughly us'd?

Orontus.

Yes,—but provided I be not abus'd,
No Rival ſet above me;—Or if ſhe
Seem ſcornful, let her ſcorn ſtill noble be:
Let her reproach my want of worth or fame,
So to encreaſe, not quench the growing flame.
But *Dorothea*, though a while ſhe may
Diſſemble openly,—Her heart does ſay
In ſecret,—I do love:—Though ſhe deny
It to the world; 'tis womens policy
To appear nice.—So though ſhe'l not avow
Her heart ſubmits, I'm ſure ſhe loves me now.
The title of invincible's laid down;
I meaſure her thoughts as I do my own.

Cliton.

No doubt, you think ſo,—You have Faith good ſtore,
And thanks to heav'n! one exc'lent Vertue more!
You ſtoop at all Game.

Orontus.

I!

Cliton.

Yes, you,—pray be
Not Angry, for all this I know and ſee:
And is not this a Prize of great regard,
Part of One heart amongſt a thouſand ſhar'd?

Orontus.

Nay,—that's too many.

Cliton.

Reckon,—let me ſee.

Orontus.

Why, then i-faith, I've this day lov'd—but three—
And of thoſe three, that thou may'ſt be diſprov'd,
This being lovelieſt, Now—is only lov'd.

Cliton.

If ſo, Nay then her fortune's very fair:
But three,—and—

Orontus.

Peace!—I ſpy *Eraſtes* there

Cliton.

Something of moment leads him here apace.

ACT.

ACT. I. SCEN. II.

ORONTUS. ERASTES, CLITON.

Orontus.

FRiend, I read Joy upon your tell-tale face.

Eraſtes.

There's much more in my heart, I've got the day
Of a ſtern beauty; after much delay,
And fierce repulſes, my moſt faithful flame
Will crown me with her happy Bridegrooms name.

Orontus.

What, have you lov'd and kept the fire ſo hid?

Eraſtes.

Diſcretion does diſcoveries forbid.

Orontus.

Yet, friendſhip ſomewhat claims.

Eraſtes.

'Tis very true,
It does, and warrants this addreſs to you,
Whereby I ſhall this myſtery unlock,
And give you the full knowledge, ere you knock
At my hearts cloſet.—Know, the Lady, then,
Whoſe love makes me the happieſt of men:
This morning as a favour ſent to me
A Letter, —which, although it dubiouſly
Does ſeem to ſpeak,— Yet nothing leſs then Love
Could dictate it, or her quaint Pen thus move,
For ſhe that writes in ſuch a pleaſant ſtile
Is yielding, —though ſhe parley yet a while.

Orontus.

So that your courtſhip ſhall it's ends acquire?

Eraſtes.

Let me obtain of you but one deſire,
And it compleats my Wiſhes.

Orontus.

Sir, to doubt
My readineſs would wrong me.

Eraſtes.

Hear me out.
This Embaſſie's un-anſwer'd yet,—andwill
Without aſſiſtance be un-anſwer'd ſtill:
'Tis writ in drolling Verſe, and ſuch a ſtrain
As does ſurpaſs the reach of my weak brain.
Pray write it for me.

Orontus.

Sir,—my former care
In often ſerving you, ſhall make me ſpare
All complement:—I never could deny
To do a friend ſo ſlight a courteſy.
I'le do't, and try my skill in Poetrie.

Eraſtes.

This ſpeaks you noble, and obliges me.
Adieu.

Exit.

ACT.

ACT. I. SCEN. III.

ORONTUS. CLITON.

Cliton.

A Fine requeſt, i'faith I ſay.

Orontus.

Next this,—may I not hope himſelf, one day
Will come and court me, to make Love for him?
O, What a brave condition am I in!
Have I not reaſon confident to be
Of my own Sute, when ſuch crave help of me
To write Epiſtles: —What think'ſt thou of it?

Cliton.

Why, Sir, I think, if it be want of Wit
In him to ask, 'tis worſe in you to do.

Orontus.

Thou ſpeakeſt freely.

Cliton.

Shall I tell you true,
Now I perceive how wildly you engag'd
Your Talents for another, I'm enrag'd.
—When neer ſome Beauty, I oft hear you ſwear
Your heart's poſſeſs'd only by her,—though there
Are forty more, have more room there then ſhe
Whom you court only for Varietie;
Meaning with Complement her Wit to prove,
Or rather ſhew your own Wit, in the Love
You do but feign for paſtime.—Here, now I
Your Lies approve, 'cauſe for your ſelf you lie.
This I'm content with.—But when there's no end
Except the feeble int'reſt of a friend,

That you ſhould lye for them!—as if before
You had not ſins enough upon your ſcore!
For to ſay truth, how can you know his heart
That never knew your Own?—Yet on his part
You'l write he loves,—are you ſure this is truth?
May he not feign?—Yet you'l ſwear for this Youth.

Orontus.

I might have wav'd it very eaſily,
And any elſe had been deny'd;—But I
Knowing him *Lucia*'s brother, One o'th' three
Whoſe almoſt equal Beauties tempted me:
And alſo knowing, he a neighbour dwels
Neer *Dorothea*, who ſomewhat excels
At preſent, 'cauſe moſt kind,—could not refuſe
Him, whom ſometimes as Brother, I may uſe,
Sometimes as Neighbour.

Cliton.

This was well fore-ſeen,
And a far off!

Orontus.

The dulleſt ſouls have been,
Sometimes moſt uſeful:—And 'twas this indeed
Made me ſo ſoon reſolve to help his need.
—But,—whilſt I talk, my Task I quite forget;
—Come,—let's examine how ſhe does him treat.

Cliton.

Perhaps ſhe jeeres him.

Orontus.

I dare ſwear't almoſt
Or if ſhe ſooths him 'twil be to his coſt.

He opens the Letter Exaſtes *left with him and reads.*

In barture of your Love, which you do prize so high
Erastes *you have dar'd presume to ask me mine;*
Sometimes I may admit of Love indeed, yet I
Mean it shall cost me nought,—else I should soon decline.

To give you heart.....

He takes out his own Letter and confronts with this which Erastes *left.*

Have I took one for t'other?

Cliton.

Yes, sure,—for Twinns are not more like each other.

Orontus.

N'ere did my Opticks meet the like surprize;
'Tis word for word the same, if I have eyes.
—Nay,—having well examin'd,—Now I see
If mine's th' Original, this must Coppy be:
Both writ by the same hand i-faith....

Cliton.

And troth,
She finds one block doth fit the heads of both;
No matter though; *Your* Dorothea *may*
Dissemble,—well guess'd,—*Yet her Heart does say*
In secret, (as this plainly now does prove)
ORONTUS *IS THE ONLY SPARK I LOVE.*
The Pride of her affected Lines,—you know,—
Was the best snare to catch your Heart,—for though,
She seem'd to Drole with Love in a New style,
It was true Love did Dictate all the while.
O!—Might I laugh before my Master now?

Orontus.

Do, I'le not hinder—preethe laugh on—do,

Laugh loud,—I'le laugh my self,—and ne're be sad.

Cliton.

Off with your Vizard,—why, it makes me mad
For your sake;—And can you set this good face
On such ill luck! Curse her! for in this case,
Constraint will sorrow swell.—Oh! 'tis most rare;
Good lord, Sir,—how contented you still are!
A subtle Woer, Fox-like's full of Wyles:
But she is subt'ler far, that him beguiles.
No Wit to Womans,—Where you thought to take,
Your self's beguil'd.—This were enough to make
One hang himself,

Orontus.

'Tis somewhat odd,—and I
Confess a Punie, might sigh dolefully;
Then thump his breast, Void of experience;
Accuse his squinting Planets influence.
But, I, who understand the ways of Love,
Such trivial chances never shall me move.
If ev'ry object please,—What loss is One?
I'm ne'r inslav'd, my heart still keeps it's own;
To give or take,—To gain or else to loose,
Prepar'd;—Then at the least Repulse I choose
A new;—Nay whatsoever I proclaim
To them, I still am Master of my flame.
Thus divers objects ev'ry day does bring
Fresh satisfaction to my Mind,—The thing
I solely aim at.—And let none explode
Me for't, tho it seem strange,—'Tis *a la mode*.

Cliton.

Preserve this humour, you may need it still.

Orontus.

My crosses ne're sink deeper, nor e're will.
If one prove false,—anothers Love is sure:

And

And I for every grief do find a cure,
Hence comes the gain t' have Miſtreſſes in ſtore.

Cliton.

Hylas, when living underſtood not more.

Orontus.

His Fancy, tho differ'd from mine, for I
Love where I'm lov'd without inconſtancy:
But if their lightneſs make them in the end
Love change,—In troth,—I'm ſo much my own friend,
I dare not harbour trouble in my breaſt;
But, without whyning, keep my heart at reſt,
By filling up, the vacant place again,
With new Ones,—So 'tis all one, ſhine or Rain.

Cliton.

Your heart at this rate yields a good Rent, Sir,

Orontus.

It does,—Now *Luce* has half,—I've given't her:
And ſuch as 'tis, there's many envy me.

Cliton.

But why divided; good Sir, let it be
Intirely hers,—Or give her no room there,
Leaſt ſhe neglect your flame too,—for I fear
This Madam *Lucia,* tho as yet ſhe ſmile,
May like the other in the end beguile.

Orontus.

I have no cauſe to doubt this ſhould prove ſo;
Lucia did ſtill with judgment act, you know.
Her conduct's regular; ſhe's Modeſt, Wiſe,
Above the fears of paltry jealouſies.
I only find in her one grand default.

Cliton.

What is't?

Orontus.

Why, she loves Me, more then she ought.

Cliton.

A grand default indeed!

Orontus.

'Tis I declare,
For Lovers quarrels ever Lovely are:
'Tis pleasing when the object we doe love
Seems to suspect our Vows, our faith to prove:
By this our int'rest is more fortify'd,
Love's born a new, when newly justify'd:
So that whatever Storms such doubts can breed,
The Calme's more sweet, when Pardon does succeed.
And then, fresh Favours meeting in the close,
Needs must th' accus'd gain, more then he can loose:
But where a Lovers Wishes glutted are,
No Peace is made, 'cause there was never War.
A dull and fated Lover, lives at's ease,
Serves but by habit, takes no thought to please;
Keeps the old Road,—but strives for nothing new,
'Tis ever—*You love me, And I love you.*
Who would not hate that gross and vulgar Trade?

Cliton.

Rare are the Observations you have made;
You study'd this Point well it does appear,

ACT.

ACT. I. SCEN. IV.

ORONTUS, FLORAME, CLITON.

Florame.

FRiend, I am happy thus to find you here,
I ſought you all about,

Orontus.

What would *Florame*?

Florame.

Tell you the Secret of my Am'rous flame.

Orontus.

Some Love intrigue?

Florame.

It is ſo,—I am now
Deſtin'd to Marriage by a Fathers Vow;
And though he found me irreſolv'd to this,
In ſecret it by him concluded is.
The Party's Gallant,—of a Noble Strain;
But,—Oh! another in my Soul doth Raign.
And whatſoever obſtacles ariſe,
My Heart's not mine, but while 'tis *Lucia*'s prize.

Orontus.

Lucia's?

Florame.

Ther's reaſon why you ſhould admire.

Cliton. (*aſide.*

Ther's my brave Gallant out o'th' Pan i'th Fire.

Florame.

The old conteſt which from her brother parts

My

My company, might well divide our hearts.
But all ſuch ſlight impediments are vain,
T'oppoſe his Laws, who is ſole Soveraign.
Love by his Tyranny ſubdues us ſtill,
Summon we yeild; Obey, ask what he will:
Who as he liſt, tho blind and young, yet knows
When, and to whom our Hearts he will diſpoſe.
Thus ſpite of int'reſt, Love my hate diſmiſt,
Nor can I longer *Lucias* charms reſiſt:
Tho, to attain unto my wiſhed End,
Time is my greateſt hope, and ſureſt friend.

Orontus.

That may alone her brothers hate ſubdue;
Time ſtranger things effects.

Florame.

It's very true,
I do expect that Miracle from it.
In the mean while, this Night the time is ſet
By *Lucia's* Maid, who at my Rendez-vous,
Upon a ſign, let's me into their houſe:
Where, by her ſweet converſe, ſhe'l bleſs my flame.
But, ſince the place ſuſpicious is,—I came
To beg your company,—Say? ſhall I ſpeed?

Orontus.

You ſhall,—I never fail'd a friend at need.

Florame.

At your own home I'le call.

Exit.

ACT.

ACT. I. SCEN. V.

ORONTUS. CLITON.

Cliton.

SHe's *Modeſt, Wiſe,*
Above the fears of petty jealouſies:
Her Conduct's regular; and bating this
Grand fault, That ſhe too much your Lover is;
She's exquiſite in other Qualities.

Orontus.

Now you'l repeat twenty new fooleries.

Cliton.

None other ever her eſteem could get.
Say, now, Sir, Does it make you ſtark Mad yet?

Orontus.

What?

Cliton.

So diſguiz'd, Sir, will you ever be?
Y'are Mad, I ſay, Or elſe the Dev'l take me:
Not Mad, and loſe two Loves both in one Day?

Orontus.

This only ſets me a New Game to play:
And ſoon as e're *Lucia* or *Doll*, I ſee.

Cliton.

What you'l ſpeak to'um.

Orontus.

Yes, infalliblie:
I long to meet'um,—Then will I ſet forth
My Paſſion to the height of Zeal and Worth:
Firſt, ſhall my Sighs begin to charm their Ears,

And if they fruitleſs prove,—I'le uſe my Tears:
Ten thouſand Sobbs, next, ſhall them entertain;
Yet all this while, my Heart ſhall feel, no pain:
Laſt, Death I'le ſummon too, for my redreſs;
Yet, Joy to ſee another them poſſeſs.

Cliton.

Tho ever with you, y'are above my ken.

Orontus.

Patience a while, thou't know me fully then.
In th' interim, this place is not ſo ill,
But I know where to play my Reſt on ſtill.

Cliton.

And you think ſome will hear, and yet give eaſe?

Orontus.

Yes, *Cliton*, with much gladneſs, when I pleaſe.
Laſt night a certain Brown-Laſs took my Eye,
And was the object of my Gallantry
For a long ſpace, whilſt we walk'd in the cool
Shade of St. *James*'s, where ſo much a Fool
I was to proffer her my Diamond Ring:
My new Acquaintance ſoon accepts the thing:
Tho all, I from this Beauty could command
Then,—Was to wait her home, and kiſs her Hand.

Cliton.

And you went in?

Orontus.

No,—ſhe for reaſons, then
Forbid,—but, bid me this day come agen.
It ſatisfy'd me, I her houſe did know;
Now ſhe expects my Viſit, and I'le go:
She might unkindly take it, ſhould I miſs.
Follow,—this Turning brings us where it is.

Cliton.

Cliton.

E're you goe further, One word, good Sir, yet.
She's blithe?

Orontus.

Yes, wonderfull

Cliton.

And call'd?

Orontus.

Lyſet.

Cliton.

March off, march off, your Viſit's at an end.

Orontus.

Raſcall.....

Cliton.

March off, I pray; None can pretend:
None has to do with her.

Orontus.

Why?

Cliton.

Sir, I know.

Orontus.

She promis'd me this day.....

Cliton.

'Twas craft, if ſo.

Orontus.

You know her well, then?

Cliton.

Yes, too well for me,
She is my Miſtriſs, Sir, ſhe is my Shee.

Orontus.

She has a Lady's Dreſs, and Garb.

Cliton.

T' my ſorrow
Her pride confounds all I can beg, ſteal, borrow;
And having found my Purſe now ebb'd too low,
To ſerve a Lady, ſhe this day did go.

Orontus.

What Lady?

Cliton.

This night, Sir, ſhe will me tell.
Mean time,—changing your Courſe you would do well:
For if your hopes are all on *Lyſet* plac't,
Indeed 'twill prove, labour in vain, at laſt.
Your heart being vacant, therefore, you may hire
It out agen, to ſhe, ſhall firſt inquire.

Orontus.

Spite of the fatal ſhock, thy news does bring,
Soon ſhalt thou ſee't, well furniſhed agin.

Cliton.

A thouſand new Ones, may ſolicite-yee,
But who believs't not, ſhall not damned be.
Pray vaunt not, though, your great skill any more;
This morn, you had three Miſtriſſes in ſtore;
The[illegible] engroſs'd by you alone;
A[illegible] all are gone!

Orontus.

[illegible] Judgment on appearance give.

Cliton.

Sir, you do well, yet upon hopes to live:
Troubles are light to thoſe thereon can feed.

Orontus.

'Twere ill done to reject hope in my need,

Since

Since to regain the two firſt,—happily.
Suſpicion does combine with Jealouſy:
And to bring *Lyſet* to my Lure,—This Spell
Of Gold and ſparkling Jewels promiſe well.
Theſe oft work Wonders, more then you expect.
—But—ſtay,—*Eraſte*'s Letter I neglect.
I muſt go home and Write.——Come.

Cliton.

Now I ſay,
If I know ought, you'l vanquiſh every way.

Orontus.

Let Time work out my Ends,—ſwear not at all;
Expect the Iſſue, 'Tis the *End Crowns all.*

The End of the Firſt ACT.

ACTUS

ACTUS II.

SCENA I.

FLORAME, LUCIA, LYCAS.

Florame.

MEet my reſpects with ſo ſevere an Eye?

Lucia.

To you *Florame*, 'tis due ſeveritye.

Florame.

When will you treat with more compaſſion?

Lucia.

When you ceaſe off'ring me, what's not your own.

Florame.

My Love-ſick-Heart gains little, all this while.

Lucia.

I'le not enrich my ſelf with others ſpoil.

Florame.

How ſhamefully you do my Faith ſuſpect.

Lucia.

Inconſtant men, no better can expect.

Florame.

What, have I dar'd ſome other Face adore?

Lucia.

It is not fit that I ſhould tell you more.

Tho

Tho indiſcreet our Sex eſteemed be,
Florame, I promiſed ſtrict ſecreſie.

Florame.

Some perſon near you does me an ill turn,
But all is vain againſt me,—ſtill I burn
For you, Dear *Lucia*, Heaven's my Witneſs, I,....

Lucia.

When I require, your ſelf then juſtifie.
Pray leave me now, for many eyes do ſee
Us here, and that may much diſcredit me.
More talk at preſent in this place may prove
Loſs to my Honour, No gain to your Love.

Florame.

This coyneſs quells my Joy's, and makes me grieve:
Yet I obey,—but, What muſt I believe?

Lucia.

That I not cruel am, but ſtill preſerve
As much eſteem for you, as you deſerve.

Florame.

To this eſteem add but ſome Love withall.

Lucia.

Pretend to others right were criminall;
I told you that before.

Florame.

Would you ſpeak clear.....

Lucia.

I do believe this may obſcure appear:
But if your ſoul herein it's troubles find,
Conſult but *Dorothea* t' eaſe your mind,
She knows the Miſtery,——Adieu. *Exit.*

ACT.

ACT. II. SCEN. II.

FLORAME, LYCAS.

Florame.

ALl's loſt!
Whence knows ſhe this intended Match, that croſt
My will ſo much, tho by a Father preſs'd?

Lycas.

Is ought ſo ſecret, it may not be gueſs'd?
It may be *Dorothea* brags through pride.

Florame.

No, ſhe the iſſue dreads too, on her ſide:
For if the troubles on her face ſpeak true,
Not Love, but duty makes her yield thereto.

Lycas.

What are your hopes, Sir, then?

Florame.

Love ſtill, and dye,
Rather then Change ſhall ſtain my conſtancy.
My mournful Story yet may *Lucia* move.

Lycas.

True,—But—Where can you meet to tell your love,
And not be ſpy'd? Her Brother and you are
At enmity, ſo that muſt be a bar
To keep you from the houſe; And ſhould you meet,
Guided by Love, at Church, or in the Street,
The many Witneſſes at th'interview,
Would ſcarce oblige her to hear all from you,

Florame.

All this I know, too well, and 'tis my grief:

Nor is it thus, I do expect relief.
Who can preſume, ſince this Denial, ſhe
Would openly give willing ear to me.
But, with great Preſents, I her woman late
Have brib'd, who now is my confederate,
And this night, th'rough a back door brings me, where
I'le haſt my Triumph, or my Doom to hear.
There in my Tranſports, at her feet, I'le lye,
And beg her Sentence, Or to live, or dye
So this night Love, or Hate ſhall me befriend,
If Love, it ends my griefs; Hate—life ſhall end.

Lucia.

But,————ſhould your two hearts joyn to one intent,
How can you hope *Eraſtes* ſhall conſent?

Florame.

Thoſe petty Quarrels, haſte does oft engage
Us in,—are beſt made up by Marriage.
Lycas, if I could bring it but ſo neer?

Lycas.

But—then again.....

Florame.

Thou But'ſt it every where.
Allow ſome hopes, at leaſt, with all thy talk.
Stay,—Who leads yonder Lady down this Walk?
It's *Dorothea*! Gods! let's ſteal aſide.

Exeunt.

ACT. II. SCEN. III.

DOROTHEA, LYSET.

Dorothea.

THis pleasant Walk shew's Nature in her Pride.

Lyset.

About this time the Gentry use t' appear.

Dorothea.

This is their Rendez-vous, they all flock here;
Especially those Gallants, who each night
In telling their Amours take great delight;
Which is to say, *Lyset*, so many Lies.

Lyset.

Indeed, I think, th' are most but Rallaries.

Dorothea.

True,—Here they come, and their Love-tales relate;
And I, like others, come to hear'um prate:
But,—So deceitful th'are, 'tis Loves disease!
Yet we must quit the World, or strive to please.
For Beauty a sad Ornament would prove,
Did it not others charm, and gain their love.
The sweetest Features which a face adorn
Without this quality, lives but forlorn:
Like hidden Treasures, they for nothing serve,
While Miser-like, the rich, they pine and sterve.
I have my Method, and I like it well,
I study to please all, if possible;
Endeavour by all means so fair to be
That they may like me well, and tell it me.
Those precious quality's I little prize,
Whose hidden Luster dazles not all Eyes.

Not

Not, that I am ſo eaſie to be wonn;
Whyning ne're moves me to ſoft paſſion.
Affected ſadneſs is a fruitleſs art;
Their ſighs do much more cool, then warm my heart
My Courage, Prompted by our Sexes Pride,
Makes me maintain th' advantage on Our ſide
By my imperious carriage, and ſome Scorn;
For knowing We to give men Laws were born,
I make thoſe feel the weight that wear my Chain,
Impoſing on them, as their Soveraign.
Or if their griefs I flatter,—I neer ſtoop,
But make them court long for a little Hope;
And that's the grand reward they gain at laſt,
For all their Paſſion, and their Service paſt.

Lyſet.

Strange kind of Method this muſt ſurely prove?

Dorothea

'Tis now in uſe, and as we ought to Love.
If we behd ne're ſo little we expoſe
Our hearts to the proud Triumph of our Foes.
A flatter'd Lover ſwell'd with Victory,
Blots all Submiſſion out of Memory:
To keep him ſtill our ſlave, he muſt be croſt,
And frown'd upon,—Theſe Fetters off, he's loſt!

Lyſet.

And with ſuch Empire you reſt ſatisfy'd?

Dorothea.

I ſhall confeſs,—what yet ſome ſhame would hide.
But ſince one day gains thee ſo much good will,
Hear all diſcreetly,—but be ſecret ſtill.

Lyſet.

If one day be too ſhort my Faith to try,

More time ſhall make good my fidelity,
And ſhow your ſecrets ſafe with me remain.

Dorothea.

Then know—That men are now become ſo vain,
That for this Month,—nay more I might have ſaid,
Hardly three Lovers have me Homage paid.
Of theſe, The one wooes me to be his Wife;
Which I ſo fear, it makes me hate my life;
My Father for *Florame*, conſent would get;
The man I prize for wealth, for Meen, for Wit:
But whatſoever Plea's Hymen can bring,
I dread that Slave, that ſhould become my King!
Next,—ther's *Eraſtes* a brave Gallant, whom I
Think for a need, for conſtancy would dye.
But,—he ſo out of Mode and Courtſhip is,
He may compare with any *Amadis*.
'Tis true,—ſince that, *Orontu's* late defeat
Makes his low Triumph up, he's ſo compleat.

Lyſet.

That Blade your ſervant?

Dorothea.

Is he known to thee?

Lyſet.

I've heard him prais'd.

Dorothea.

O! how he pleaſes me!
An Air ſo noble, Garb ſo full of ſtate;
So gay a Humour, ne're importunate.
His Voyce ſo charming, his Converſe ſo rare,
Speaking ſo well, yet Writing better far.
His glory all to his own Vertue owes,
Knows his great Worth, not proud of what he knows.
Somewhat for him I feel,—more then I'le tell,
And would he ſtill ſigh for me it were well.

Although

Although I dearly love to keep my heart,
I might at length reſolve with it to part.
From whence, judge what condition I am in.

Lyſet. {*ſhewing the two Letters.*

One of theſe Tickets, came not then from him?
Since you neglect to read it all this while.

Dorothea.

Give me'um, *Lyſet*, and prepare to ſmile.
(Which juſt deliver'd as from home I came
I had not time till now to read the ſame.)
And though *Orontus* is concern'd i'th' jeſt,
It well deſerves our laughter, I proteſt.
He and *Eraſte's* here ſend their Loves;—And troth
'Tis the ſame Letter they do Anſwer both.

Lyſet.

How?

Dorothea.

'Tis an accident may breed delight.
This morning I did to *Orontus* Write;
When finding it would fit the other,—ſtraight
(Glad to oblige him at ſo cheap a rate.)
I did Tranſcribe it, without more ado,
And ſo diſpatch'd him with that Coppy too.
What Anſwer, now, his ſlender Wit does give
I long to read.

{*She breaks open* Eraſte's *Letter.*

Ha! Verſes, as I live!
I knew not he could Rhime.

Lyſet.

Some end's of Playes.
Or Leaves dropt from old Poets wither'd Bayes.

Wherewith

Wherewith each youngſter now does Deck his head;
To be on all occaſions furniſhed.

Dorothea. (reads.

Tranſparant Beauty, whoſe moſt open Heart!

That's ſuch a conjuring Phraſe it makes me ſtart!

Your Soul unto the bottom makes me ſee.

'Tis well begun,—Ridiculous Poetrie.
But leave that there,—The other I'le peruſe;
Orontus, Anſwers with a ſmoother Muſe,
And I dare wager, e're I look there-on
Each Line will claim our Admiration.
How different from that his ſtyle will be?

Lyſet.

How well this thought of his Tranſparancy?

Dorothea. reads Orontus Letter.

Tranſparent Beauty.

Lyſet.

Then 'tis good and new,
If wiſe *Orontus* uſe Tranſparant too.

Dorothea. (reads.

Whoſe open heart,

Ha! what have I got here!
This ſpeaks the ſame!

Lyſet.

I think 'twill ſo appear.

Dorothea.

No matter, I'le ſee all; let us compare;

Read

Read you *Eraſte*'s, this will ſhew what they are.

Lyſet. { reads the Letter.

TRanſparent Beauty, whoſe moſt open heart
The bottom of your Soul does make me ſee,
Now I confeſs, of me you have the ſtart,
Since in your breaſt my Heart lives doubtfullie.

I thought it ſhould have found it's Palace there,
Where you did mean to treat it as your King;
But I have mourn'd, ſob'd, ſigh'd, dropt many a Tear,
And ſtill have languiſh'd without profiting.

Yet will I not account at all with you,
What you propound will be but to your ſhame:
Should you for ev'ry ſigh, and ſhow'r that's due,
Stand debtor, it the Reck'ning would inflame.

My dolefull Sighs do ever make you ſmile,
Tho like a Tempeſt in my breaſt they throng:
Your Heart my weights diſdains; take heed the while,
Light as they are, th' out-weigh not yours e're long.

Dorothea.

This was deſign'd,—it does appear, too plain;
And 'tis *Orontus* only laid this Train.
Eraſtes is too dull.

Lyſet.

I'm of that mind:
But, now what difference of ſtyle d'ye find?

Dorothea.

Well, this ſame day without much more adoe—
But, Gods!—My Fathers here!

Lyſet.

Orontus too,
With him.

Dorothea.

Dorothea.

He knows thee not,—then prethe ſtay,
Whilſt I aloof watch till he goes away;
Then when the old man going hence you ſee,
Speak to *Orontus*, that he ſtay for me.

Lyſet. {*pulling her Hood over her face.*

She leaves me here a pretty Part to Act.

ACT. II. SCEN. IV.

ARGANTE, ORONTUS. LYSET.

Argante.

IN fine, I've paſs'd my word for the Contract,
With *Dorothea*; and by Hymen ſhe
Muſt to anothers Will ſubjected be.
In th' interim, it ſeems, you love her well,
And near my Houſe oft ſtand as Sentinel:
A neighbour notes it, and does ſeem to ſcoff
At your vain Love,—Pray therefore break ſhort off.
The honour had been mine, if you, dear friend,
My ſon had prov'd; but now, you can't pretend.

Orontus.

If by your houſe I ev'ry day appear,
A hundred others I oft ſpeak with ere
Of Love, and they are no mean Beauties, too.
But to explain.....

Argante.

I know they talk how you
Love *Lucia* ſtill, our neighbour; but ſince we
So tender of our Credit ought to be,

Pray

Pray do not force me, Sir, against my choice,
By such deportment to make further noise.
Only forbearing eight days to appear,
Would stifle all the Whispers you bred here.
Adieu,—Pray study to give this content. *Exit.*

Orontus.

A fair Remonstrance, and to good intent.
How many Visions, does that age attend?

ACT II. SCEN. V.

ORONTUS, LYSET.

Lyset.

SSst Sst... My Cavalier, turn this way friend.

Orontus.

Who calls me?

Lyset.

Sir, 'tis I,—do you not see?

Orontus.

An Envious Cloud eclipses you from me.
This Hood to me, does a strange torment prove;
Should we Act thus? We, who each other Love?

Lyset.

A pretty Complement, and shows much wit;
We Love each other then?

Orontus.

No doubt of it.

Lyset.

Well, I believ't for once,—since you say so,—
And sure our equal Merits bred it;—Tho—
Till now I ignorant hereof did live.

Orontus.

Nay I my self this scarcely yet perceive.
But Love's Almighty Power, as 'tis said,

E're we can think on't, does our hearts invade.
And grant this Maxime true, you must allow't,
We may each other Love, Yet hardly know't.

Lyset.

You never want a paint to make all fair:
But e're this time I knew, Sir, what you were;
And how your best Affection most times is
Subject to caution;—But to clear all this,
Am I deceiv'd?

She turns up her Hood.

Orontus.

Is't thou? ah! sweet Surprize!
Lyset, how Heav'n does this day bless my Eyes!
To meet thee I——

Lyset.

.....soft.
I know what fuel heats your breast too oft:
Hear but my Message, e're you stir.

Orontus.

A Message, and from whom?

Lyset.

Your Mistress, Sir.

Orontus.

'Tis then from thee.

Lyset.

That's good——but I must tell
How *Dorothea*——

Orontus.

O, I know't full well.——

Lyset.

Permit.——

Orontus.

No, no, your cause of plaint I see,
You think her Beauty only Captives me;

But

But n're all-arm thy self, nor credit it.
I value less her Beauty, then her Wit.
Her counterfeited Graces less then these,
Whilst thou art worth fifty such *Dorathe's*.

Lyset.

You think to jeer me thus,—but really,
I'm worth another, that's less worth then I

Orontus.

Thy Eyes have gain'd such pow'r on me this day,
That——

Lyset.

I believe, yet more then you would say.
And will not now dissemble, you shall see't.
For tho some Features here may seem less sweet:
Yet, hath my face enough to breed delight,
And more inclines to tempt, then to affright.
This Air, nor Port is like a Common Clown:
And I'm like some body, when my Hood's down.
Look!

She spies Cliton *coming and pulls her Hood over her Face.*

Orontus.

Thy gay humour makes thy Face more fair.

ACT. II. SCEN. VI.

ORONTUS, LYSET, CLITON.

Cliton. (aside.

Is't not my Master with my Gossip there?

Lyset. (aside.

What will he say, if *Cliton* know 'tis I?

Cliton, (aside.

He shall let go his Prize, or tell me why.

To Orontus.

Quick, Sir, Quick, Quick,——lord, I am out of breath.

Orontus.

What ailst?

Cliton.

Sir, they are gone into the field of death.

Orontus.

Who?

Cliton.

They will fight unless your succour come.

Orontus.

What are they?

Cliton.

Floramie and *Erast.*——

Orontus.

I run.

A Moment brings me back.

Cliton, to *Lyset.*

——Gipsey! must you,

Because new cloath'd, play with these Feathers too?

He points to Orontus.

Orontus.

Come, *Cliton,* come, their steps let's follow.

Cliton.

——Sir,

One is enough.——

Orontus.

Come!

Cliton,

Not I,——I'le not stir,

Should we be forc'd to draw.

Orontus.

Rogue,——must I drive?

Cliton, to *Lyſet.*

You ſcape it fair, I'le teach you how to live.

Exit ambo.

Lyſet.

His anger he will hardly long refrain.
But,—Wher's my Miſtriſs, ſhe comes not again?
I'le ſeek her out, and know what ſtops her there. *Exit.*

ACT. II. SCEN. VII.

Dorothea. { *Enters from the other ſide of the Theater, her Hood down.*

NEither *Orontns* nor *Lyſet* appear?
What ſtrange capricious Fate guides me this day?
A Father frights me hence,—Who, when away,
By ſome miſtake, I cannot apprehend.
Orontus, he, vouchſafes not to attend.
—But he returns.

ACT. II. SCEN. VIII.

ORONTUS. DOROTHEA, CLITON.

Orontus.

RAſcal, if e're again.

Cliton.

But, Sir, if *Lucia.*——

Orontus.

But's, and if's, are vain.

Cliton.

Cliton.

What then? could I think that you could devine
She'd this night see y' at Window,—by a sign?
And if I had not thus all-arm'd you, what—

Orontus.

And why not stay?

Cliton.

So I might have forgot:
You know my Memory's short, and will forgive.

Orontus.

Peace!,—stay you there.

Cliton. (*aside.*

May I these eyes believe?
The Slut yet waits him? shall I suffer all!

Orontus, to *Dorothea.*

Excuse that heat, which you blind Zeal might call.
The Allarm was false,—And I return once more
To swear I dye for you,—whom I adore,
To tell you *Dorothea* needs must be
An object of disdain, whilst I know Thee:
For she's so dull a Beauty, I scarce come
Into her sight, but I am like to swoon.

Cliton. (*aside.*

The devil a word before me, she can find!

Orontus.

This severe silence shews you too unkind:
And without much more cruelty beside,
You cannot still your Beauteous Face thus hide.
Should my weak eyes grow dazled with the light,
I must.——

She lifts up her Hood.

Dorothea.

Take heed you faint not at the sight!

Orontus.

Orontus.

Madam, is't you?

Dorothea.

Became your Hate you ſed.

Gliſon.

Ha!—Ha!—Why, *Lyſet*'s Metamorphoſed!

Orontus.

Heav'n knows.———

Dorothea.

It knows, but what it ought to know;
I ſee, bnt what I thought to ſee;—And ſo
You now appear, but what you ſhould appear,
A groſs Deceiver, ſuch I find you here.
This at your birth, your Sex by oath, doth ſeal.

Orontus.

I from your Judgment juſtly might appeal:
But if ſometimes, th' effects belie our hearts;
Frequenting much your Schools we learn thoſe arts.

Dorothea.

Should I relate; or weigh your lightneſs well.

Orontus.

Perhaps, ſome truth's we might each other tell:
But I'le ne're mind what anger now brings forth:
You know what ſuch a man as I am worth,
Speak not of hate, nor lightneſs,—wave ſelf-ends;
Let's quit each other, and become good friends.

Dorothea.

Shall I forget ſo ſoon your late affront?

Orontus.

You run the hazard elſe, to loſe more on't.
Should you refuſe 't agree,—I'le tell thee plain,
It would be hard to woge me back again.

Dorothea.

'Twere fit, indeed, that I ſhould ſatisfy.

Orontus.

When I do proffer Peace thus handſomely.

Dorothea.

Dorothea.

My anger justly does revenge pursue.

Orontus.

I have some reason to complain of you.

Dorothea.

Yes, witness what your late Discourse did say.

Orontus.

And witness also what you Wrote to day.

Dorothea.

You thought to Court another to my shame.

Orontus.

You, with your double Letter mock'd my flame.

Dorothea.

Do not object, that harmless Plot, whereby
I of your weakness made discovery:
Believing that betwixt *Erast* and you,
Nothing was hid; I try'd and found it true:
Whose vanity, and poor injustice did
Bring that to light, which else, had yet lyen hid.

Orontus.

And I, ev'n now, did rude disdain express,
Not but I knew to whom I made address:
But purposely dissembling, lay at watch,
To shew you oft Deceivers meet their match:
And that if you the Trappan did intend,
I would be sure to fit you in the end.

Dorothea.

Th' Excuse is cold enough.

Orontus.

Examine yours.

Dorothea.

But your late carriage your great Crime assures.
Which Lovers Laws call Treason 'gainst their State;
So that your guilt deserves no more debate.
To satisfie my Honour 't shall suffice,
I banish you both from my Heart and Eyes;
And yet am milder then those Laws were meant.

Orontus.

Orontus.

We shall resolve upon this banishment.
—But,—by so great a Subjects loss we may
Foretell, your Empire quickly will decay.

Dorothea.

I'le rais't agen, take you no care for us.

Orontus.

'Tis but your interest makes me speak thus.
In fine, I love you, and have no desire
But to obey your will, till I expire.

Dorothea.

Who shall secure this?

Orontus.

You, if you will hear.

Dorothea.

Let's know then wherefore you so scornful were?

Orontus.

Our Innocence is ne're so manifest
As———

Dorothea.

This night, at my house, I'le hear the rest:
And to confirm your fair intents,—expect
Your due submission joyn'd with true respect. *Exit.*
Adieu.

Orontus.

This strange retreat does much surprize,

Cliton.

Upon the point to yield, away she flies:
Believing it were better stay till night.
—But,—I begin to find what caus'd her flight;
Eraste's coming hither, drove her hence.

ACT. II. SCEN. IX.

ORONTUS, ERASTES, CLITON.

Eraſtes, to *Orontus*.

FRiend, may I ſpeak to you with confidence?

Orontus.

You know me.

Eraſtes.

I have partly likewiſe known
Florame is late a ſecret Lover grown:
And I, for weighty reaſons, fain would come
To find the object of his Martyrdome.
Now, ſince to watch him ſtill, might trouble breed,
Do not refuſe aſſiſtance at my need.
He haunts, and Loves you, and can never hide
That long from you, which is his joy and pride:
Pray, in my favour, ſeek to dive into't.

Orontus.

I'le go, juſt now, and try if I can do't.

Eraſtes.

Adieu,—I'le leave you then. *Exit.*

ACT II. SCEN. X.

ORONTUS. CLITON.

Cliton.

IS't your Will, Sir,
He know, *Florame*'s *Lucia*'s Idolater?

Orontus.

No,—but to meet *Florame*,—fright him,—and ſay
Her Brother knows, he burns for *Lucia*.
—This night,—thou ſay'ſt, Fair *Lucia* does expect
My coming; Now, if ſhe through fear, ſuſpect

Eraſtes

Erastes watches him,—Keeping away,
I shall have freedom what I please to say.

Cliton.

But t'other Rendez-vous,—How goes that on?
For *Dorothea* looks.——

Orontus.

Let me alone
And, *Cliton*, thou shalt find things order'd so,
Had I a hundred,—I through all would go.

Exeunt.

The End of the Second ACT.

ACTUS III.

SCENA I.

ORONTUS, CLITON.

Orontus.

NOt one word now,—What Melancholly's this
Lock's up thy folly, which so pleasing is?
I hear thee sigh, and oft bemoan thee, too.

Cliton.

Ah! Sir,—why am I not content like you?

Orontus.

Truly,—being freed from waiting on *Florame*,
Who dares not go, where summon'd by his flame?
I'm very well content, my Fortune's such.

Cliton.

I wish that I could likewise say as much.

But,—a ſtrange Malady does me attaque.

Orontus.

What is't?

Cliton.

I——

My honour's Hypocondriaque.

And this ſo much the more torments my heart,
'Cauſe few to Cure our Honour have the Art.

Orontus.

That I believe;—But ſay, Where didſt it get?
Art angry, 'cauſe thou ſee'ſt me ſerve *Lyſet*?

Cliton.

Not becauſe you ſerve her, I'le tell yee true;
But I'm diſpleas'd more, becauſe ſhe ſerves you.

Orontus.

Fool, doſt not thou, thy own advantage ſee?
Whilſt ſhe receiveth homage thus from me,
Her Merits in an higher Orb do move,
My Paſſion more enobling thy mean Love.

Cliton.

That's it,—I fear,—leaſt by your courtſhip—I—
Receive my Patent of Nobility!
I've no ambition for it;—I confeſs,—
I ſhould do well without ſuch Nobleneſs.

Orontus.

So great a Favour, you but ill repay.

Cliton.

You do for me, much more, then I do pray.

Orontus.

Go, never grieve thy ſelf, e're a Week's ſpent,
Perhaps, I may leave her, to thy content:
That time may Wonders work, to ſatiate Me,
And then I'le prove no obſtacle to Thee,

Cliton.

Mean while,—I'l oblige me, till that happy day.
You will my Sove Enoble, Sir, you ſay.
I ſhall be much engag'd.

Orontus.

Orontus.

More then I'le tell.

Cliton.

The favour will deserve the Chronicle.

Orontus.

Cliton, I'le tell thee, without Raillery,
Lyset has Charms would tempt the chasteſt Eye;
Whoſe Beauty I. above all elſe prefer,
She having all, a heart can wiſh, in her:
So that believe me, Ideal modeſtlie,
To borrow her, only eight days of Thee.

Cliton.

Since you ſuch treaſures find there, if you will
But give me double wages, keep her ſtill.
As well, I'm quite diſguſted with her now:
And you have puff'd her ſo with Pride,—I vow
Out of meer Scorn, the Baggage, when I came,
Forgot, or would not tell, her Miſtriſs name.

Orontus.

Villain, how dar'ſt thou ſo prophane to be,
As to miſ-name who's Worſhipped by me?

Cliton.

Pardon me Sir;—But though ſuch honour's due
To this new Saint, thus fam'd for—bleſſing you.
And though at ſuch a height ſhe now doth ſtand,
I muſt not ſpeak, but with my Cap in hand:
—If in ſome Houſe alone, we chance to meet,
Or Fortune lead me to her in the ſtreet,
May, I not then—with all humility,
And thoſe reſpects dne to her quality,
As a return of thanks, for what I hear,
Give her in Love, one or two Cuffs oth' Ear?

Orontus.

Conſult with Reaſon, then—what that ſays, chuſe.
—But, here's the place of my two Rendez-vous.
And, if I am not much deceiv'd,—See there!
Lucia does at her Windore now appear.
Oh! how ſhe pleaſes me!

Cliton.

Cliton.

But—*Lyſet* more?

Orontus.

Not for the preſent.

Cliton.

Wondring I'le give o're!
Why—butfair *Dorothea*?

Orontus.

Leſs then ſhe.

Cliton.

Then cannot I gueſs, what your heart can be.
Juſt now.———

Orontus.

'Tis thus,—I love for Recreation,
And ſeldom feed on bare Imagination.
The greateſt Beauty, be it ne're ſo bright,
Tempts me no more, as ſoon as out of ſight;
A thouſand lovely Charms, may wound me,—when,
In thirty paces all is heal'd agen.
The preſent Beauty, tho inferiour far,
Makes me forget the Sun, t'adore a Star:
And ſince what ever object does me move,
Is lov'd by me, only out of ſelf-love;
It leaves my heart to all Impreſſions free,
And ſhe ſtill faireſt ſeem's, whom laſt I ſee.

Cliton.

Then *Lyſet* ceaſing in your Eye t'appear?

Orontus.

The next I meet,—will pleaſe me more—I'le ſwear.
But I muſt go, and with an Am'rous Tone,
Tell *Lucia* that my heart loves her alone.

Cliton.

But whilſt you tune your Tongue to ſpeak her fair,
Do you remember that you Jealous were?

Orontus.

Thou mak'ſt me timely recollect my part.
I'le ſhape my ſpeech with a Complainants art.

ACT.

ACT. III. SCEN. II.

ORONTUS, LUCIA, CLITON.

Orontns. {*calling up to* Lucia *at the Windore.*

ARe you there Madam?

Lucia.

Is't *Orontus*?

Orontus.

——————I.

Who ſhould reproach your Infidelity,
Did I not think you were ſo juſt withal
Net to condemn, were I not criminal.

Lucia.

Orontus, this Allarm, ſhows very ill.
Can I betray you?—I not love you ſtill?

Orontus.

Oh! do not think that I ſhall dare complain:
My Tongue ſhall with reſpect its griefs refrain!
And though, that muſt encreaſe my ſuff'rings too,
Yet they are welcome, 'cauſe they come from you.
I glory'd to poſſeſs your Heart;—but then
Not being worthy,—you reſume't agen.
Now from your Mouth the Sentence I would hear,
And ſacrifice what I do hold moſt dear.
Happy,—if ill Succeſs no crime you deem,
And tho I loſe your Love, keep your Eſteem

Lucia.

What killing Accents do your Lips expreſs!
Raving of Crimes, and of Unhappineſs!
Oh! do not hold me longer in ſuſpence;
But pray, unfold this Riddles dubious ſence.
And that your Moans, may Cauſe or Colour ſhew,
Declare this guilt, and this Misfortune too.

Oontus.

Orontus.

A Rival's entertain'd in ſecret, Lo
That's my Miſ-hap,—my Crime I do not kno
Yet I muſt ſay,—ſince you love him, and ha
Me,—I'm as Guilty as Unfortunate:
For to ſuſpect you of injuſtice, I
So hainous hold, I ſhould deſerve to dye.
Oh! lay the cauſe, then, of your Change on m
Which muſt be juſt, tho I no reaſon ſee.

Lucia.

This ſtrange Reproach puts me into a maze.—

Orontus.

Ah! why ſhould Miſery meet ſuch delays!
Torments are but encreas'd, that are defer'd.
Say, then, a Nobler Rival is prefer'd;
That my Defects adds glory to his name,
That his bright Luſtre, dimm's my dying flame.
That to inform me of this choice, you here
For the laſt time ſummon me to appear:
While, afterwards, to end this Amorus ſtrife,
In abſence, I muſt linger out my life.
'Tis too ſevere, will Love-ſick Judges ſay,
Yet, tho I periſh *Lucia*, I'le obey:
With ſo much care, that my ſad preſence ſha
Ne're mind you of your firſt-faith's Funeral

To *Cliton*, aſide.

Did I Act well my Part?

Cliton.

Rarely, indeed!
You'd make a quaint Comedian for a need.

Lucia.

This Story ſo confounds me, to ſay true,
I ſcarce have Reaſon left to anſwer you.
Nor can I plead my Faith to juſtify,
Which you accuſe, but nothing ſpecify:

Yet

—Yet, if I freely may declare my ſence,
Your grief *Orontus* ſpeaks ſuch Eloquence
That I believe it leſs;—how e're it hit,
A Real grief, then wantonneſs of Wit.
A Lover, who with real ſorrow's ſtrook,
Uſes no Rhet'rique but a Dying Look.
Waves all fine words, No Advocate will Fee,
Only deep Sighs whiſpers his Miſerie.
Yet, if you know, I thus ungrateful prove,
Name me this Rival that uſurps your love?
Leave nothing to Evince my breach of Faith:
Declare what Favours he received hath.

Orontus.

Thoſe boſome Secrets, long may keep at home
If they muſt be conceal'd till *Florame* come.
Who, though he fondly hugg his paſſion,
This night will fail your aſſignation.
Some *Remora*, unlookt for, keeps him hence;
To morrow, you may know the conſequence.

Lucia.

So, ſo, 'tis this begets your Jealouſie,
Florame was this night to have met with me?

Orontus.

He's raviſht with the Joy he feels within!

Lucia.

You heard this from himſelf,—no doubt?

Orontus.

————From him:
But, ah!—how far would your blind Rigour go?
Muſt I have ſeen your Heart yield to my Foe?
Was't not enough to ſatiate him with bliſs;
But to Damn me, too, I muſt witneſs this?

Lucia.

Since your Suſpicions have no Wyles refus'd,
You little merit to be diſabus'd.
And any other, after ſo great wrong.——

(*Softly.*

But—ſtay—I ſee a Man ſure come along,
I'le change my Note, for 'tis my Brother's come.

(aloud, to *Orontus.*

My Brother is not here, Sir, he's from home.
Nor do I know exactly, to ſay right
At what time he's us'd to return at Night.
'Tis often late,—Wherever he does go.
Adieu.

She ſhuts the Windore.

Orontus.

What Counter-talk?

Clion.

'Tis pleaſant—tho.

Orontus.

The more I ſtudy, leſs I apprehend.

Clion.

Y'are crafty,—yet ſtill over-reach't i'th' end.
They find you but diſſemble—and ſo forth.
And here they plant ye, juſt for what y'are worth.

Orontus,

Peace! here comes one.

ACT. III. SCEN. III.

ORONTUS, FLORAME, CLITON.

Cliton.

WHo's there.

Florame.

——*Orontus*'s Friend

Florame.

Orontus.

The worſe for me, ill luck's attend.
What make you here,—had we not late agreed
That——

Florame.

'Tis but Curioſity, indeed.
A certain Fancy guided me this way,
Without deſign to ſpeak with *Lucia.*
—But,—ſure, I heard ſome one bid you adieu.

Orontus.

Yes.

Florame.

What deſign makes me, here meet with you
Thus late.

Orontus.

My great deſire to meet *Eraſte*
And eaſe your Mind, tranſported me with haſte,
Being confident, how e're he doubts your Love,
A little talk, would all his Fears remove.
But this my diligence is fruitleſs grown,
His Siſter telling me, hee's ſtill in Town.

Florame.

Do not deny I Love,—ther's ways enough.

Orontus.

What?

Florame.

I am thinking.

Orontus, to *Cliton* aside.

Cliton, there's it now!
Lucia Loves *Florame*, and t'avoid being caught
She spying him, feign'd, I her Brother sought.
Inconstant Sex,—Who can rely on such?

Cliton.

The best of them, indeed, are not worth much.

Florame.

To fix his thought's some other way,—I'le chuse
Rather fair *Dorothea*'s Name to use.
Tell him, 'tis Love of her feeds my desire.

Orontus.

What can that do?

Florame.

Much, if he should inquire.
He may discover, how I ought to Wed——

Orontus.

—Her,—is't She's destin'd to your Nuptial Bed?

Florame.

The same.—Now judge, if this be not the way.

Orontus.

Friend, they from *Lucia*'s can hear all we say:
Let's go from hence, I'le speak my Mind elsewhere.

Cliton, to *Orontus* apart.

You'l miss your second Rendez-vous—I fear,
Think on it, Sir.

Orontus.

Take you no care thereof,
E're I go twenty steps, I'le shake him off. *Exeunt.*

ACT.

ACT III. SCEN. IV.

DOROTHEA, LYSET.

Dorothea.

THis muſt diſcover,—be he falſe, or true.
But,—how—he ſtay's

Lyſet.

The Door ſtands open too,
And from above, the Light will guide his Eye.
Do you believe hee'l come, or elſe paſs by?

Dorothea.

If he want Innocence to plead his Cauſe,
He may——

Lyſet.

If Mute, then hee's condemn'd by th' Laws.
H'as too much Wit to want's Apologie.

Dorothea.

What ſaid he, *Lyſet*,—When he talk't with thee?

Lyſet.

For you he languiſht, and for you did look:
And, I believe he wilfully miſtook.
What do you think?

Dorothea.

I know no more then you.
But—hee's excuſable if he ſpake true.
If he plaid falſe,—'twas manag'd with ſuch Wit,
That I do long to ſee th' Event of it.
In th' interim, not knowing what will be,
My heart affects only Neutrality.
—But the Door creaks.

Lyſet.

Orontus,—Never fear.

Dorothea.

Shut the Door after him, that none may hear.

Lyſet.

To ſee me with her, will his thoughts perplex.

ACT III. SCEN. V.

DOROTHEA, ERASTES, LYSET.

Erastes.

MAdam, The greatest glory of your Sex——

Dorothea.

What brings you hither with so bold a Face?

Lyset. (*aside.*

Here's work indeed!—a wrong man takes his place!

Erastes.

Finding the Door not shut, you talking by,
At that sweet Voice, Love lent me wings to fly.

Dorothea.

We wait my Fathers coming home,—and see
You haste away, or else you Ruine me:
He's hard by,—pray be gone.

Erastes.

My Joy,—and Sorrow!
Alas——

Dorothea.

O! Keep alas, Sir, for to Morrow.

Erastes.

What!—No compassion?

Dorothea.

Yes,—towards my self,
My Honour else is wrack'd upon this Shelf.
Time presses,—go, go forth pray,—'tis my will
Sure, you were born to persecute me still!
Will you for ever gaze,—and not reply?

Erastes.

O! Spell my Sighs,—and read my weeping Eye!

Dorothea.

'Tis not the season now to count your fears
When pity has resign'd my heart to fears.
Pray, Sir, haste further, look warily before—
But 'tis too late,—ah me! Hee's at the Door
He Knocks, where will ye go?—there's no way further.

Enastes.

I'm ready, if you please, to meet his wrath.

Dorothea.

Rather a thousand times.——

Lyset.

To prevent all
I'le lead him to the Garden, th'rough the Hall.
There he's secure.

Exeunt.

Dorothea.

Th' advice is good I'le swear.
Go,—open as you pass.

ACT. III. SCEN. VI.

ORONTUS, DOROTHEA.

Orontus. {*to* Cliton *within.*

Cliton, stay there.

{Orontus *Enters, leaving* Cliton *at the door.*

What,—is all vanish'd? this seems strange to me,
I heard much noise,—yet can no body see!
To use me thus, is ill, I tell you true,
I neither came to scare,—nor hinder you.

Dorothea.

Dorothea.

Surely yo've taken me to task, this day.

Orontus.

No,—but free humours hate such boo-peep play.
And 'tis my trouble, that with so much care
You should disguize your self from what you are.
What ever Gallant 'tis,—let him come forth:
My Passion dares all Eyes, to try its worth.
Nor shall my Zeal wax less on such a score,
I love a Mistriss, all men do adore.
And I had little hopes in this Essay,
Should I not court you, now, in your own way.
Variety's the Heav'n of your blisse;
Then must I cherish what your Humour is.
Did I oppose the Freedom you like best,
That were to seek mine, not your Interest:
And would pervert the noblest ends of Love;
Instead of Subject, I should Tyrant prove.

Dorothea.

A neat evasion, made to this intent,
By taxing me, to shew you innocent.
This is smart Policy,—worthy your fame.

Orontus.

So mild a Censure, cannot be your shame.

Dorothea.

This good opinion of me's noble too.

Orontus.

I find you act, but as you ought to do.
The best of Men have not a hope so vain,
E're to confine you in a shorter Chain;
They, from all parts in throngs to you do press,
Whilst you alone share out their happiness.
Were not this glory then, diminished,
Should you heap all these Favours on One head?
So great a Treasure, such a plenteous Feast,
Was never, sure, meant for one Miser guest.
For, tho, I do adore, what is so rare,

And favour crave,—yet not above my ſhare.
I'le not aſpire, (tho in your flames I burn)
T' injoy you ſolely,—I'le but take my turn.

Dorothea.

What means all this, ſpeak plain and tell me true?

Orontus.

That here,—ſome ſecret Rival courted you.
And if you further conference deſire,
I would not hinder,—but ſhall ſoon retire.

Dorothea.

This weak ſuſpicion is the Child of fear.
That any other.——

Orontus.

I've a faithful Ear,
That perfectly diſcerneth every Voice.
If.——

Dorothea.

'Tis moſt like,—this time was a fit choice,
And you no promiſe had to day before?

Orontus.

Oh! you have Wit can go th'rough this and more.
Who with one Letter Anſwer's two,—Allow's
One night's enough t' exalt as many Vow's.

Dorothea.

Your falſe conjectures, then, are rais'd from thence.

Orontus.

No, no, I ſpeak on clearer Evidence.
Knocking at Door,—ſome noiſe made me begin
To doubt whether 't might pleaſe, ſhould I come in:
Some I heard walk and ſpeak, and midſt the noiſe,
Unleſs I'm much deceiv'd, I heard a voice
Say, There he's come, What ſhall we do with this!
—Yet, I'le believe but what your pleaſure is.

Dorothea.

This I ſhould ne're endeavour to confute,
Did it not ſtick ſome ſhame on my Repute;
But really to undeceive you, know

That having bid my Woman wait below,
Whilst I above stood as my Father's spy.—

Lyset Enters.

But here she comes will clear the Mistery.

ACT. III. SCEN. VII.

ORONTUS, DOROTHEA, LYSET.

Dorothea.

COme hither *Lyset.*

Orontus, (aside.

Gods, what is't I see!

Lyset serves here!

Dorothea, aside to *Lyset.*

Take the whole fault on thee:
No matter.

Orontus, (aside.

All my Pranks will now come forth.

Lyset, softly to *Orontus.*

Now,—am I fifty *Dorothea*'s worth?

Dorothea, aloud to *Lyset.*

Who was't spake with you, when *Orontus* Knock'd?

Lyset.

With me?

Dorothea.

Yes, you?—believe I'le not be mock'd.

Lyset.

What do ye take me?——

Dorothea.

Dorothea.

No excuſe, Unleſs——

Lyſet.

Dear Madam,

Dorothea.

Some Gallant

Lyſet.

I muſt confeſs.

Cliton, { *begins to appear.*

'Twas one that loves me without complement,
And I love him, faith, with no ill intent.

Cliton, Enters.

He'l be my Husband.

ACT. III. SCEN. VIII.

ORONTUS, DOROTHEA, LYSET, CLITON,

Cliton.

HA! good Hypocrite,

Your Husband.

Lyſet.

Cliton.

Orontus, { *to* Cliton *whilſt he takes the Candle from the Table.*

Whither with that light?

Say.——

Cliton,

To finde out this Husband ſhe will have,
I'le bring't again, when I have kill'd the ſlave.

Orontus.

Keep back your folly.

Cliton.

Ah! in my diſtreſs.

Orontus.

Take comfort *Cliton,* that will make it leſs.

Dorothea.

This satisfies? ——

Orontus.

Yes, if you please, and more.

Argante, (within.

Lycante we are robb'd! stand at that door.

Cliton, (to Orontus.

Sir,—now w'are caught!

Dorothea.

O! infinite disgrace.

My Father comes here, hye away apace.

To Lyset.

Take up the Candle,—slip in here with me.

To Orontus.

Save, you my honour.

Cliton.

Devil, but who saves me?

W'are left alone.

Orontus.

My honour now lies on't

To see.——

Cliton.

Let's fly,—and think no more upon't,
For fear some ranting Hector, otherwise
Should come, and this love-folly so chastise—.
But—'tis too late.

ACT III. SCEN. IX.

ARGANTE, ORONTUS, CLITON.

Enter Argante, *his sword drawn.*

DOn't I *Orontus* see?
O Daughrer! whose wilde love dishonours me.
Dye thou vile tempter.

Orontus.

Orontus.

Hold your threatning ſword!

Cliton. {*upon his knees.*

Before you kill us, good Sir, hear one word!

Argante.

What vain excuſe,—

Orontus.

Mine, is both juſt and true,
For, tho unhappy,—I am guiltleſs too.
Being, fair *Lucia's* fond idolater,
Her Brother, this night found me there with her.
And having no way left to ſcape him there,
I leap'd his Garden wall, and got in here.

Cliton.

In ſo ſhort time, I never made more way.

Argante.

I heard ſome ſtir i'th' Garden, as you ſay,
And from my Window, did perceive one go
With haſte enough, who 'twas I could not know.
But, tho there be ſome colour, Sir, in this
Excuſe,—yet ſo great the importance is
To my whole Family, e're I proceed
This truth upon my daughters face I'le read.
Her looks will bring the certainty to light.
I'le ſtraight return. (*Argante goes out.*

Cliton.

Ah! Sir, bid him good night.

Orontus.

Doeſt fear?

Cliton.

I? no, but I ſmall courage have:
You, like a Torch i'th' winde, all ſtorms out-brave
And may eſcape, But—(Oh! the Collick gripes.)
Poor *Cliton* ſhall be ſent to bed with ſtripes.

Orontus.

Hark! for they talk.

Argan-

Argante, { *speaking to* Eraſte, *whom he findes in his houſe, and ſhutting the door upon him to prevent his ſeeing of* Orontus.

Pray, Sir, do you ſtay there.

Cliton.

He locks this door! Oh! how I quake for fear.

Argante, (*to* Orontus.

Go, Sir, make haſte, for your relation's true.
Your enemy!—I ſhake.

Orontus.

What?

Argante.

Does purſue.

Orontus.

Who is't?

Argante.

D'yee ask? Eraſtes.

Orontus.

——————Ha.

Argante.

——————Agen?

I met him there.

Orontus.

Then, that's the ſtratagem.
By what ſtrange paths this truth comes in my way.

Argante.

You both are ruin'd if ye longer ſtay.
Make quick diſpatch.

Orontus, (*to* Cliton.

See, Women's fickleneſs.

Cliton.

Take comfort Sir, 'twill make your griefs the leſs. { *Ex.* Oront. Cliton.

Argante. (*ſolus.*

This danger was prevented well in troth,
I'le ſend this after, then good night to both

ACT.

ACT III. SCEN. X.

ARGANTE, ERASTES,

Argante. (opening the door.

ERaſtes.

Eraſtes. (*aſide.*

Who can gueſs this myſtery?
Surprize me here, yet deal thus lovingly.

Argante.

What brought you here, I pardon, for your ſake;
But no noiſe on't, if you my counſel take;
Upon ſuch accidents, wiſe men ſhould wink.

Eraſtes.

Think not.———

Argante.

I know Sir, what I ought to think,

Eraſtes.

I doubt that———

Argante.

No, no, I ſhall let it ſleep.

Eraſtes.

Perhaps.———

Argante.

———Be ſure, I ſhall the ſecret keep:
Adieu.

Eraſtes.

But———

Argante.

'Tis high time, be gone I pray.
Make haſte.

Eraſtes.

I underſtand not what he'd ſay. (*Exit.*

Argante. (*Solus.*

Tho, now I'm freed, I tremble yet for fear.
How timely theſe by me diſcover'd were.

—Now

—Now in the ſtreet, fight, or embrace at eaſe:
Long may they ſcuffle e're it me diſpleaſe.
If they each other drill till I go forth,
Their skins to morrow will be little worth.

The End of the Third ACT.

ACTUS IV.

SCEN. I.

ORONTUS. CLITON.

Orontus.

HOw ill thou argu'ſt! what, thou thinkeſt then?

Cliton.

But, Sir, it puzles me above all ken
'Till dooms-day, I might thus be arguing,
Yet ſtill i'th' dark for all my reaſoning.

Orontus.

Confeſs then, I know how one ought to live.

Cliton.

Such are your flights, that none can you retrieve.
For my part, I renounce.—After th' abuſe
You late receiv'd at your two Rendez-vous,
Who would not ſwear, that in your choller, you
Should blinking *Cupid* curſe,—and his Mam too:
Sigh, groan, ſobb, howl, and tumble all the night,
And from your neſt, in three dayes make no flight;
Your brain's unhing'd, your heart conſum'd with care,
Whereas you ſing and friſk more gay then e're;
Nay, Rant,—and in all company laugh moſt,
And bear't as you had neither won nor loſt.
Moſt Heteroclite does your carriage ſeem!

Oron-

Orontus.

And wher's the wonder? they leave me,—I them.

Cliton.

If towards you, ſome Fickleneſs they ſhow,
They but return you back, a *quid pro quo.*
For Miſtriſs, waiting-Maid, Fair, Black, Red, Brown
You fear no colours, but ſtorm every Town!
Your eager Appetite with all makes bold,
And to your Stomack, none's too hot or cold.

Orontus.

Ther's all the pleaſure that in Love I find!

Cliton.

And they begin to love you in your kind.

Orontus.

I'm not diſpleas'd.

Cliton.

Then, muſt I ſay, indeed,
I think your Love's but ſome new baſtard-breed.

Orontus.

And thus I whip him to my own deſire.

Cliton.

More I examine, I the more admire,
Sometimes, you play the ſprightly Gallants part;
Then, nought but ſadneſs ſits about your heart.
A Jovial air, 'mongſt theſe disbands all fears;
The next you Court,—you ſoften with your Tears.
So to the life, my ſelf deceiv'd I find.
You, groan, and ſing, and ſigh,—and all's but wind.
What juggling tricks!

Orontus.

And this does wonder breed?

Cliton.

I ne're knew ſuch Cameleon Love indeed,
At each new Face it's hue ſo chang'd to be!

Orontus.

This but prevents Love, from in-ſlaving me.
I dare him thus,—make all his Plots prove vain,
So I the pleaſures taſte, without the pain.

Cliton.

At once to give and take a Heart in jeſt,
Is this Love?

Orontus.

This is Love, and 'tis the beſt.

Cliton,

But, is not Love, Sir, a controling heat,
(For I'm a Scholar ſince I ſerv'd *Lyſet.*)
A frying in the Froſt, freezing in Fire,
Which ſtorms the Brain, and Fetters the Deſire
To one alone; Pleaſing, tho Incomode?

Orontus.

It was of old,—but, now 'tis out of Mode.

Cliton.

'Tis out of Mode!

Orontus.

And dull, as ſhall be try'd.

Cliton.

How muſt we doe, to have it Modify'd?

Orontus.

My conduct will inſtruct thee in the right.
Examine't well.

Cliton.

'Tis beyond my dull ſight.
If you'l inſtruct me, you muſt bring it neer.

Orontus.

Liſten, and the whole ſecret will appear.
"To every She, the like complaiſance pay;
"Swear Love by rote, not minding what you ſay.
"Court out of cuſtome for diverſion's ſake.
"Speak much of grief, but let your heart ne're ake.
"Your Face (the Index) much of Love muſt ſhow;
"But what you promiſe, let your Breaſt not know.
"Of an Un-truth, a Verity compile,
"At need, and weep, (tho in your thoughts you ſmile,)
"Raving of Paſſion, pain, troubles of Mind.
"And not to hazard ought by woman-kind,

"Pay

" Pay the whole Sex, your Adoration
" In groſs,—but ſingly,—ſlight them one by one.
This is my Rule.

Cliton.

The Science I approve,
You thus extract the Quinteſſence of Love.
—But,—as for *Lyſet*, be it underſtood
You take or leave her quite, for both our good.
Otherwiſe.——

Orontus.

Without wrangling,—I yet may
Leave thee ſole Tenant e're we paſs one day.
For now agen Fortune does me provide,
Since *Dorothea*'s true, I'm ſatisfy'd.

Cliton.

Eraſt' being there hid, tho, ſhew's ſome Ginn?

Orontus.

I know the whole Intrigue.

Cliton.

From whom?

Orontus.

—From him.
Who walking home, late, when our Plot was laid,
Paſs'd by their door, where by ſome hazard ſtaid
Finding it open, and ſhe ſtanding by,
Surpriz'd her out of curioſity.
Believing with her Maid,—ſhe had intent
To paſs ſome moments there in merry-ment.
His pleaſing converſe hardly did begin
When he muſt hide,—the Father coming in.
And, now, what ſcruple can there be in this?

Cliton.

Born under ſome Smock Star.

Orontus.

—The beſt on't is,
Florame, that ſought who held *Eraſtes* heart,
Found *Dorothea* claim'd his Siſters part.

When, he expreſſing by what rigour they
Forcing his will, tore him from *Lucia*:
So won upon him, he conſent did ſpeak,
Provided they the firſt Contract would break.
They ſtraight embrace, and both this Match approve,
Which turns their hate into a nobler Love.
Thus *Florame* and *Eraſtes* are agreed
To baniſh Fewd, and let kind Peace ſucceed.

Cliton.

So *Florame*, now, his promiſe has obtain'd?

Orontus.

Th'rough my endeavour, full conſent was gain'd.

Cliton.

You'l no more ſee her?

Orontus.

I!—as oft as e're.

Cliton.

She ſooths you ſtill with flat'ring hopes, I fear.
And while ſhe to another deſtin'd is,
Makes you.———

Orontus.

Did I not think as much as this
Of *Dorothea* yeſterday?—yet I
Miſtook.

Cliton.

This gulls you more apparently.

Orontus.

Why I may erre as much in this perchance.

Cliton.

Sure you believe *Florame*.

Orontus.

He does advance.
Now I ſhall know the truth, how he proceeds.

ACT. IV. SCEN. II.

ORONTUS, FLORAME, CLITON.

Orontus.

YOu'r ſatisfy'd, I hope, now all ſucceeds?

Florame.

Yes,—but to gain the brother will not do
Alone,—Your help is neceſſary too.
In vain,—I thought the other Match unknown,
Since Fame the News o're all this place hath blown;
And with fair *Lucia* ſo much credit gain'd,
She ſwears my flames for her, are only feign'd.
But,—you,—whoſe friendſhip dives into my heart,
And knows its cloſeſt Projects, take my part;
Wait on that Beauty,—Wooe her not to ſhun
Such real Love,—Compleat what you begun.

Orontus.

Is not this Raillery you ſpeak,—tell true?
If you love *Lucia*, does not ſhe love you?
To give you meeting e're *Eraſt* conſent,
Does make her Love appear moſt Evident:
Yet you ſuſpect? Ah! what muſt I ſuppoſe.

Cliton, (aſide.

How ſlyly does he ſqueeze the worm from's Noſe.

Florame.

Since to hide ought from you, a crime I deem,
Know her love yet, reſides but in eſteem.
And that appointment, you ſo happy gueſs,
To confidence, had ow'd for it's ſucceſs.
Since I th'rough favour had in vain aſſay'd:
And then with Preſents had ſuborn'd her Maid;
Who, ſtill unknown to her, engag'd laſt night
To gain me admittance to her ſight.
This was the reaſon, made me think it vain,
Head-long to run, where was more loſs then gain:

You otherwiſe had ne're diſſwaded me.

Orontus.

Good-faith, I thought 'twas better then I ſee.
But—having gain'd what was moſt difficult,
The Oracle we need no more conſult.
The Victory is Ours,—I'le bring't about.

Florame.

You being Second, 'tis a ſin to doubt.
Mean while, I'le try what is her temper, now
Her Brother's ours, and what hope ſhe'l allow.

ACT. VI. SCEN. III.

ORONTUS, CLITON.

Orontus.

WEll *Cliton.*

Cliton.

I conceive.——

Orontus.

'Twas I conceiv'd
The right.

Cliton.

'Tis true.

Orontus.

Your doubt.

Cliton.

Had me deceiv'd.
Lucia is wholly yours——ſay what they can,
For Politiques you are a dreadful man!
And if that Devil, who writeth your ſins down,
Omits not One, h'as a ſhrewd head on's own.
W'are Stratagems who lies within your pow'r.
Lucia, in fine.——

Orontus.

I'le love more from this hour.

Cliton

Cliton.

'Tis well, and *Dorothea.*

Orontus.

More and more.

Cliton.

Then, ſure, you'l quickly give poor *Lyſet* o're.

Orontus.

Yes, ſhe's too lean a thing to ſatisfie:
She may paſs Muſter in a vacancy,
For want of better.

Cliton.

Better!—ah ſpeak well.
A Goat, ſet Horns aſide, would her excel.
If ſhe paſs Muſter, 'tis for want indeed!

ACT III. SCEN. IV.

ORONTUS, LYSET, CLITON.

Lyſet.

TRuly, Sir, *Cliton*'s Manners now exceed.
The Dev'l, lay's horns away, like thee'd appear. (*to Cliton.*

Cliton.

Now I am muzled.

Orontus.

Leave that Puppy there,
Who jealous cauſe I love thee,—thus the Elf
Would black thee?

Lyſet.

Love me?

Orontus.

Yes, in-troth, thy ſelf.

Cliton, (aſide.

Mark but the Juggler.

Lyſet.

Thus.——

Cliton.

——On *Cliton*'s faith.

Lyſet.

Go, go, I heard too well.

Cliton.

What is't ſhe ſaith?

Lyſet.

Ther's want indeed, when I can Muſter paſs.

Cliton.

I ſung a Mean,——and you interpret Baſe.

Orontus.

If you give ear, he'l ne're have done his part.

Cliton.

Command me.——

Orontus.

Silence.

Cliton.

Now begins his Art.

Lay on, my back is broad.

Orontus.

Still dear *Lyſet*

My real love does little faith beget.
In thy long abſence, I have torments try'd.

Lyſet.

I muſt believ't.

Cliton, (aſide.

Ware being Noblyfy'd.

Orontus.

My pleaſant humour thinks all's Raillery;
But falſely you believe 'tis flattery.
For when an object, like thee, charms this breaſt,
I think on't more then once.

Lyſet.

And love't at l

I'le help ye out.

Orontus.

Ah! thus to doubt my flame!

Is.———

Lyset.

No, I think I highly cherish'd am.
But since your Love with me's but left in pawn;
'Tis ten to one it will be soon with-drawn.
My Mistress———.

Orontus.

Thou believ'st she blows my Fire?
Go, if my heart to serve her e're aspire,

Lyset.

Last Night, you saw her, then, for the last time?

Orontus.

Drawn for thy sake, that Obligation's thine.

Lyset.

Mine?

Orontus.

Dost thou doubt?

Lyset.

Most like you, Sir, it is.

Orontus.

What, not believe?

Lyset.

Yes, I know more then this.

Orontus.

Prethee, once more, my Oath upon it take,
I went last Night but only for thy sake,
Her entertainment's hateful to my ear;
But having learn'd thy Residence was there,
Tho sure to have that odious Object by
I ran, in hopes to Woe thee with my Eye.
That Language Lovers ever held the best.

Lyset.

How you'r compos'd of Subtilty and Jest.
You found her tho, alone.

Orontus.

At which being ſad,
I ſtudy'd in Revenge to make her Mad;
Paid her Reſpects were much more ſtrange, then true,
Contemn'd, her moſt, when I moſt Prais'd her too.
But my high Style, loſt her in the Mid-way.

Lyſet.

You may repair that fault again to day.
She muſt ſpeak with you. This I'me ſent to tell.
Make haſte, and follow.

Orontus.

Thou love'ſt Mirth ſo well.

Lyſet.

Faith,—ſhe expects you, and will let you know
When you come there.——

Orontus.

I'le not conſent to go.

Lyſet.

You muſt,—What will you make her elſe ſuſpect,
That I omit her Meſſage, th'rough neglect?

Orontus.

I ſhall have much adoe.

Lyſet.

I'le take your part.

Orontus.

I'm loath to go, I ſpeak it from my Heart,
And I believe you think ſo,—ſeriouſly;
But at the Enter-view, obſerve my Eye.
At the leaſt word of Love, look you on me
And what I ſay to her,—take all for thee.

Lyſet.

I ſhall not fail,—'tis done,—do but proceed

Orontus.

You Jibe?

Lyſet.

Like you.

Orontus.

Faith I Love thee, indeed
And to make good, in thy Society
My deareſt Pleaſures Sov'raign Bliſs does lie.
That thy commands are my chief glory, too,
Here——— } *He feels in his Pocket.*

Lyſet.

You at length, may make me think all true,

Orontus.

Time, will diſcover, what as yet lies hid

Cliton, (*aſide.*

My Nobleneſs goes on, the Price is bid.
I cannot hold.—Hola! } Cliton *crys out with a ſhrill voice.*

Orontus.

———What Devil's Cry?

Cliton, to *Orontus.*

'Gainſt all Events, having a Remedy,
Vouchſafe one Favour, now my Heart's ſo ſad?

Orontus.

What i'ſt?

Cliton.

Sir, keep me pray from running Mad!

Orontus, (ſpying *Lucia.*

If— —but, who's this I ſee?

Cliton, (*aſide.*

————Good,—here's relief

Lyſet, (*aſide.*

Ah! he put's up his Purſe agen, the Thief!

Orontus, (to *Lyſet.*

What e're I ſay,—let it create no doubt,
Wee'l laugh anon.

Lyſet.

Now, I muſt ſtand it out.
Hopes of his preſent does invite my ſtay.

ACT IV. SCEN. V.

ORONTUS, LUCIA, LYSET, CLITON.

Orontus.

BLeſt with your Preſence, once more *Lucia.*

Lucia.

A common joy,—But with regret, Sir, I
Thus interrupt your wiſhed Secreſie.
Surely you treated with great Confidence.

Orontus.

What, you ſuſpect I held Intelligence.
And think deſign, what accidental proves?
Cliton knows.——

Cliton.

Yes, he's honeſt, where he Loves.

{ *Lucia, pointing to Lyſet.*

Though this freſh Object, to my ſhame, I ſee——

Cliton.

He Courted her, indeed, but 'twas for me,

Orontus.

If you believe that Fool——

Lucia.

What I behold,
I dare believe,—but not all I am told.

Orontus.

Then on your part, my Ruine is aſſur'd?

Lucia.

What Perſecution, I for you indur'd.
Whilſt a harſh Brother for *Floræme*, this day——

Orontus.

I more deſerve then he,—ſo to obey.
Much your own loſs, and prejudice would be,

And

And you oblige your ſelf, whilſt juſt to me.

Lucia.

Take heed! leaſt this preſumption to reprove,
I yield him up—at laſt—my faith and love!

Orontus.

'Tis but three ſighs more, added to the heap.
But,—e're you do't conſult, look e're you leap.
And get your heart's conſent to it before.

Lucia.

What! would my loſs affect you then no more?

Orontus.

What? you'l betray your ſelf, and therefore I
Muſt yield my ſelf a prey to grief—and dye!
Let it ſting thoſe it does moſt nearly touch.
Grief almoſt kill'd me laſt night 'twas ſo much;
For having known how well *Florame* was us'd
By you, I haſted to you much confus'd:
There wept and wail'd, and all ſad means did try,
Low at your feet, to break this heart and dye.
But ſince I finde it inconvenient prove,
I'le blow it off, and try new faſhion love.

Lucia.

Your faſhion,—to deceive, and be ingrate.

Orontus.

That love's moſt pleaſing, is leaſt delicate,
And where we once reſolve, no Jealouſie,
Should

Lucia.

Without reaſon then it ceazes me?
Nor may I credit give to my own eyes.

Orontus.

You ſhould paſs by ſuch things, if you were wiſe.
Let's make the agreement thus, 'twixt you and me:
To have no jealous thoughts,—but ever free
From all vain fears, think either's faith moſt true,
And if you ne're doubt me, I'le ne're doubt you.
Thus when I ſwear, believ't I love you well:

I'le do the ſame, when you Love-ſtories tell.
All this obſerv'd, our Contract ſhall remain;
But the leaſt tripp, infringes it again.

Lucia.

True love, ſublim'd, will all this diſavow,
He makes a Monſter on't, does this allow.

Orontus.

Allowing what we like, but makes us find
The troubles leſs,—pleaſures more un-confin'd.

Lucia.

No, he that can divided Love indure,
And not dye rather, has ſmall courage ſure?

Orontus.

If, in effect, this Maxime bare the ſway,
Men were in danger to dye every day.
Can any lightneſs with your own compare,
Laſt night one,—now another,—ſo y'all are.

Lucia.

The better to delude us, thus ye plead:
But, think how many th'rough ſuch grief are dead.
And oft have had the applauſe of learned men.

Orontus.

The' example's dang'rous, I renounce it then.

Lucia.

Your heart's too cold, where ſuch brave dangers are.

Orontus.

Let, who's will do't, and take my honours ſhare.
Should I expire your Martyr,—for a day
Or two, perhaps, the world ſhould hear you ſay
He was a Faithful Lover,—I regret
For me he dy'd!—Much I by this ſhould get.

Lucia.

Is an an illuſtrious Memory no gain?

Orontus.

Heav'ns grant my Epitaph leſs ſad, and vain!

Lucia.

And yet you'l ſay; you love me n'eretheleſs.

Orontus.

Orontus.

Ask but my heart, my heart which you poſſeſs.

ACT. IV. SCEN. VI.

ORONTUS, ERASTES, LUCIA, LYSET. CLITON, LYSTOR.

Eraſtes, (to Lyſtor.

THey do adore each other,—I am told.

Lucia,— (pulling down her Hood.

My Brother's here,—O Gods!

Eraſtes.

I ſee him,—hold!

Lyſtor.

A Lady with him.

Eraſtes.

Then it muſt be ſhe:

Tis *Dorothea.*

Lucia (to *Orontus.*

Think of leaving me.

Eraſtes—(ſhewing Lyſet to Lyſtor.

This night with her, he through the Garden went;
I know her———

Orontus, (to Lucia.

What? and muſt I then conſent?

Lucia.

Yes, for I dare not go, till after you;
Pray loſe no time, be gone,—bid me adieu.

Orontus.

I do obey you.—*Cliton!*

Cliton.

Sir, what now?

Orontus.

Orontus.

Stop *Lyset* here, but ſtop her mouth cloſe too,
Promiſe her any thing,—do't e're you ſtir.

{ Orontus *goes off one way, and immediately* Lucia *goes another.*

Lyſtor, (to Eraſtes.

She goes

Eraſtes.

Ingrateful! but I'le follow her.
For without doubt, her woman does abide,
That if we ask who 'tis, ſhe be deny'd.
But, following after, I her plots deſtroy.

ACT. IV. SCEN. VII.

CLITON, LYSET.

Cliton.

HOw ſhall I act the part of th' angry Boy?

Lyſet.

Cliton.

Cliton.

No quarter.

Lyſet.

Such ſevere ill will?

Cliton.

Provide elſewhere.

Lyſet.

Do'ſt keep thy anger ſtill

Cliton?

Cliton.

Yes ſtill I keep't, and keep it ſhall.

Lyſet.

Look up?

Cliton.

Cliton.

—No.—

Lyſet.

But———

Cliton.

I'le bate thee nought at all.

Lyſet.

What you'l forſake me,—You, whoſe grizled Pate,
And ſnuffling Noſe, proclaims ye out of date?
You will forſake me,—Me, who more or leſs,
The whole Town dotes on, for my prettineſs.
Me, whoſe dear Love ſo hotly they purſue,
It makes them look on Thee, with envy too.
Who thus abaſe my thoughts.———

Cliton.

Yes,—you,—you,—you?
Who ſqueez'd my Purſe, and then laugh'd at me too.

Lyſet.

Your gifts, I'le warrant, Trick me up thus brave.

Cliton.

Pox, Now I apprehend this Female knave. (*aſide.*
Before my face, your liberty's ſo bold
'T has made my wonted charity catch cold.
—Ev'ry one Courts you now.

Lyſet.

—Yes, and thoſe words
Alone a daily Revenue affords.

Cliton.

And this to me, you think muſt comfort bring?

Lyſet.

Cliton, ſpeak wiſely, and leave quarrelling.
You knew my humour, and my Method knew,
That I lov'd cloathes in faſhion,—often new.
Each day I purchaſe ſomewhat, and proteſt
What I do cut or ſow,—is of the beſt
Either the Draper or the Mercer ſells.
And whilſt my Caſh holds, I do little elſe.

Now,—think what this muſt coſt? For, to go neat;
Wiſhing, nor Witch-craft, will not do the feat:
Your Wages, whatſoever,—hardly brings
Enough for Gloves, and ſuch ſmall trifling things.
So that to prove too Coy, would prove my ſhame,
My Pride would fall,—And then Adieu—Fine Dame.

Cliton.

'Tis right,—but come—to wave all you have ſaid,
What have I reap'd for all my Wages paid?
From day to day, my Paſſion has encreaſt;
Yet with my finger ne're durſt feel your——Breaſt.

Lyſet.

I lov'd thee,—that's ſufficient I conceive.

Cliton.

Lov'd me!

Lyſet.

To doubt, your ſelf were to deceive;
You know.

Cliton,

I'm left in Hell, Loves Barly-break.

Lyſet.

Does not ſix ſighes a Day, my true love ſpeak?

Cliton.

Great comfort that, to troubled Souls does prove.

Lyſet.

Do you ſo light eſteem thoſe mark's of Love?

Cliton.

Juſt next to nothing, ſo I find,—And ſure,
Since Love was ever held an Epicure
And glutton, when the Boy you thus do Treat,
Sighes cannot nouriſh th'are ſuch hollow Meat.

Lyſet.

I loſe my time here, you but love to prate;
And thy weak reaſon turns my love to hate.
Adieu.——

Cliton.

But ſtay, if not for Love, for Gold;

For twenty Crowns, can you One Secret hold?

Lyſet.

One, yes a ſcore.

Cliton.

Hold! that's too much for Thee!

Lyſet.

I'le do't, I'le warrant, let it reſt on me.
Can you disburſe-em?

Cliton.

Yes,—but prethee hear!
Keep but your Tongue, out of your Miſtriſs' Ear.
My Maſter.———

Lyſet.

I'le conceal his Prancks,—ne're doubt.
Let's ſee the Money?

Cliton.

'Tis not yet told out.

Lyſet.

Your promiſes on hopes, will ill ſucceed.

Cliton.

I'le pawn my Honour.

Lyſet.

A fair pledge indeed.
Go, I'le diſcover all that ever paſt.

Cliton.

Beware he do not Nooze you, too, at laſt.

End of the Fourth ACT.

ACTUS V.

SCEN. I.

ARGANTE, DOROTHEA.

Dorothea.

AT leaſt defer it, till my troubled mind
Compos'd,—to this ſad Hymen be inclin'd.
Do not precipitate——

Argante.

You hope in vain
By pray'r to blaſt, my juſt deſign again:
Yours I perceive, I read it in your ſoul:
But *Florames* Father now has my Parol,
Which I muſt keep,—he claims you thereupon,
And ſo to morrow Hymen makes you One.

Dorothea.

But he ſo little values me, you ſee
He hardly.——

Argante.

That, but an effect may be
Of what's reported, by *Orontus*, who
Is ſaid to have pretences for you to.
Florame alarm'd therewith, does colder prove,
Fearing his Rival, more then him you love.
From his diſturbed thoughts I gather it,
Which ſince a miſ-report does thus beget,
I ought to haſten on this Nuptial Tye,
To ſet all right, and them to ſatisfy.
Think on't, Adieu.—I'le to his Fathers run,
And there conſult what more is to be done. *Exit.*

Dorothea, (alone.

In vain this Man, for Husband you'd prefer;

My

My Eyes herein, ſhall be my Counſeller.
But, *Lyſet* comes, Love take thou my defence.

ACT. V. SCEN. II.

DOROTHEA, LYSET.

Dorothea.

I Staid thy coming with impatience.
Well,—is he found, what's his reply, tell true?

Lyſet.

I have at once both found and loſt him too.

Dorothea.

How, did he ſlight the Meſſage thou didſt tell?

Lyſet.

You do not know him yet; ſure, very well.
He's too much vers'd in's way to blanch at that.

Dorothea.

Then prethee let me know how 'tis, and what?
Didſt ſay I wait him?—Shall I ſee him here?

Lyſet.

No doubt he'l come,—but pray beware a ſnare.
If you'l believe me, give him word for word;
Pay him in's own coine, but no more afford.
Engage no farther, then you find him go.

Dorothea.

What does induce thee to ſpeak of him ſo?
Is he inconſtant, falſe?

Lyſet.

That ſhall appear,
Be Judge your ſelf, pray, Madam do but hear.
I'th' ſtreet I met him in a certain place,
Who ſmiling, when he firſt beheld my Face,
Approach'd me with ſuch joy, as made me deem
His Love was noble, and deſerv'd eſteem.
This did his words confirm, for he did ſay,

He

He ever would to you obedience pay.
Scarce were these words pronounc'd, when I protest
A Lady coming,—Here's the main oth' jest,—
—He without why, or wherefore, durst presume
To sing her the same Song, to the same Tune:
And without blushing, tho I stood close by,
Discours'd of Love to her most pleasantly.

Dorothea.

Unworthy Man,—had he the confidence
Before your Face to own a new pretence,
And mention Love to her?

Lyset.

Yes, in my sight.

Dorothea.

Dissembling Traytor!

Lyset.

'Tis his whole delight.

Dorothea.

But, then the Lady, what became of her?
Go on.

Lyset.

A long while they did there confer,
When, suddenly, ('twas plotted I dare say)
They part, and each retir'd a several way.

Dorothea.

And you ne're follow'd to enquire her name?

Lyset.

I would, and much I long'd to know the same;
But, then *Orontus* servant made me stand,
Who having pop't some Sweet-meats in my hand,
In earnest of some better thing e're long,
Promis'd me Mountains for to hold my tongue:
But I,—what do you think I am so base?
Then throwing all the Sweet-meats in his face,
Sirra (cry'd I)—*I'le ne're prove false for these,*
Nor do I use to sell my Mistresses:
If I need Money, she such plenty hath
In store for me, I need not break my Faith.

Then

Then did my courage prompt me to engage.——

Dorothea.

Thy Zeal does raviſh me.

Lyſet.

I ſwell'd with rage.
What, I betray you?—Sell you? Wher's his wit?
He proffer.——

Dorothea.

Go,—thou ſhalt not loſe by it.
In the mean time, ſee my unhappy Fate?
And with what reaſon I did all men hate:
Since this *Orontus*, for whoſe Love,—my Pride
And noble Haughtineſs I laid aſide;
Like a Diſſembler does me ſlight and brave,
And puts on others Chains, who was my ſlave.
But,—truly this was timely brought to light,
Ere I conſulted that falſe Man to night;
Or how to break this other Hymen ask't
Advice.

Lyſet.

You hope in vain, ther's promiſe paſt:
Your Father urges it, and having pow'r.

Dorothea,

Let him urge ſtill, I'le quaſh all in one hour.

Lyſet.

But *Florame* has his word, his heart, his love.

Dorothea.

Florame, at need, my help herein would prove,
Since to endeavour this our union he
Too much averſion ever met in me.
In vain theſe impotent old Parents try
Upon our wills to act their tyranny.
Each others coldneſs being mutual,
We dread not their authority at all.
But,—who is't locks that door? what is't they do?

ACT. V. SCEN. III.

DOROTHEA, LUCIA, LYSET.

Lucia. {*her Hoood down.*

PRotect me, from a brother does purſue
To finde me out,—whoſe wrath and jealouſie
For walking forth, will harſhly light on me.
In vain, by twenty turns, from ſtreet to ſtreet
I ſought to ſteal away, and he not ſee't.
He follow'd ſtill, and keeping me in ſight
Conſtrain'd me now, leſt on me he ſhould light
To ſtep in here, where I your aid implore.
For ſhelter, till——this danger may blow o're.
See who 'tis begs. (*ſhe takes off her Hood.*

Dorothea.
Ah! *Lucia* is it thee?

Lucia.
'Tis I, whoſe cruel Brothers jealouſie——
But, there he knocks,—to ſave me from his frown
Pray, feign you juſt now come in from the Town.
My Hood, I'le leave you.

{*ſhe puts her hood upon* Dorotheas *head.*

Dorothea
Hide you quickly, do.

Lucia. (*runs in*
In here!

Lyſet.
Dy'e know?

Dorothea.
Open the door, go, go.

Make

Make haste.

Lyset.

No matter, she shall make it good.

Dorothea,

What will he think on't?

ACT. V. SCEN. IV.

ERASTES, DOROTHEA, LYSET.

Dorothea, { *giving her Hood to* Lyset *as if she newly came into the house.*

LYset, take my Hood.

{ Lyset *goes out with the Hood, and enters agen about the latter end of the Scene.*

Erastes.

Pardon th' intrusion; you may well suspect,
Void both of Love to you, and of respect.
I follow my dispair, and with much pain
The storms of my just anger now refrain.

Dorothea.

Your humour's much disturb'd to day, I find:
I thought so smooth a Calm raign'd in your mind,
That still immoveable at all events,
Your soul no anger knew, nor discontents.

Erastes.

None, but for you, caus'd by my too great Faith
And Love——

Dorothea.

Then I'm the object of this wrath?

Erastes.

Deny, ungratefully you scorn my flame;

Deny, my Rivals happineſs, your ſhame;
What yet I ſaw, muſt treaſon be confeſt?

Dorothea.

Believe me, Sir, you rave!

Eraſtis.

But yet, at leaſt
You will agree, ſince many eyes did ſee't,
You held diſcourſe with him in th' open ſtreet.

Dorothea.

I?——

Eraſtes.

Whom I follow'd after your adieu's,
Believe——

Dorothea.

Your eyes.——

Eraſtes.

Theſe eyes ne're bring falſe newes.
But clearly to evince, and tell your ſhame,
It will ſuffice, when I *Orontus* name.

Dorothea.

Orontus?

Eraſtes.

Yes,—that Gallant was there, to,
Whom you gave audience while he courted you.
Can you deny it ſtill?

Dorothea, (aſide.

In troth 'tis fine,
I ſerve my Rival,—was ere Fate like mine?

Eraſtes.

Your ſilence is confeſſion.——All deſires
I henceforth baniſh, quenching all my Fires.
A moſt Unfaithful She, I did adore;
But Heav'ns diſcovery bids my heart give o're.

Dorothea.

This is too raſh,—yet ſtill my goodneſs ſee?
(For ſure you neither know, nor ſpeak to me.)
I pardon your blind rage, tho gone ſo far
As to miſtake both me, and who you are.

Think

Think on me, whilſt your tongue you fiercely whet,
And think how much you do your ſelf forget.

Eraſtes.

I've thought too long, and Juſtly have accus'd——

Dorothea.

What you proceed?—This makes me more confus'd,
Your words ſo diſcompos'd at randome fly.
—But, pray, let's know, what makes you ſpeak thus high?
Orontus, ſay you, hath my heart obtain'd.
Is it a Crime that Man my love hath gain'd?
What had I promis'd you, ſhould hinder me?
I brake no Oaths, nor Vows, my ſoul was free.
If from one Letter, you this inf'rence make,
Your eaſineſs that favour did miſtake.
I love to jeaſt, if that will do the deed,
I'de write a hundred more ſuch for a need.
That Paper ſhew'd in Mirth I much delight,
And you will find ſo, if you ſpell it right.

Eraſtes.

What, mock me thus?—Is this the fruit at laſt
Of all my hopes, and all my ſervice paſt?
After two years, ſpent in devoirs and love?

Dorothea.

Such devoirs ſometimes do but trouble prove.

Eraſtes.

Now your proud minde does caſt off all diſguiſe.
This ſhews my error, and unſeals my eyes;
Go, take your ſwinge in your unconſtant will.
Leave me,—and live for your *Orontus* ſtill.
Thoſe fetters once ſo ſoft and dear, I break,
And to keep nothing that of you does ſpeak.
That Letter, whoſe allurements made me burn,
Tho once my treaſure I will back return.

Dorothea.

You will oblige me, do, kinde Sir, 'tis fit.

Eraſtes.

Yes, I'le reſtore it, make no doubt of it.
I'le haſte home for it, Madam, ſtay that while. *Exit.*

ACT. V. SCEN. V.

DOROTHEA, LYSET.

Lyset.

IN fine; heaven now begins on you to ſmile,
The Rival Lady,—ſhe to whom I ſaid
The falſe *Orontus* new addreſſes made
Is in your power, what more could fortune do?

Dorothea.

I know, yet have maintain'd her quarrel too.

Lyset.

I ſuffer'd hitherto, but now ſhe muſt,

Dorothea.

Speak ſoftly, elſe ſhe hears, and may diſtruſt.

Lyset.

I'le warrant her from being now ſo near,
She fled into the Garden out of fear.
And to return you thanks there waits thus long.
I came now thence.

Dorothea.

T' avenge my love and wrong,
And blaſt his baſe deſign, this remedy
I quickly;——ſtay——what's that appears to me?

ACT. V. SCEN. VI.

DOROTHEA, LYSET, CLITON.

Lyset.

Cliton.

Lyset. (*to* Dorothea.

'Tis *Cliton.*—Is your Maſter there? (*to* Cliton.

Cliton.

May he come in?

Lyset.

Lyſet.

Yes.

Cliton.

But——

Lyſet.

Let him not fear,
The good man's forth, tell him. (Cliton *goes out.*

Dorothea.

See now *Lyſet.*
How both of them do fall into my net.
If from diſdain of me their love take root,
One ſtroke may lop them both, and I will do't.

Lyſet.

Let not fierce jealouſie bear ſo great a ſway,
But ſeek——

Dorothea.

Go back, and finde out *Lucia.*
And when you gueſs *Orontus* may be here,
Lead her this way, till ſhe approach ſo near,
That having ſtopt her, on ſome other ſcore
She may hear all we ſay, from yonder door,
His tongue muſt prate of Love when he comes in,
And I'le return as good as he can bring.

Lyſet.

The bait's ſo tempting——he will bite anon.
I think I hear him. (*Exit.*

Dorothea.

Quickly then, be gone,
He's here.

ACT. V. SCEN. VII.

ORONTUS. DOROTHEA, CLITON.

Cliton.

HOw Sir?

Orontus.

Orontus.

I tell thee, I, in fine
Have quitted her; and *Lyſet*'s henceforth thine.

Cliton.

In earneſt?

Orontus.

And in earneſt ſhall be ſtill.

Cliton.

Thank's Sir—Now puſh your fortunes where you will.

Orontus. (*to Dorothea.*

How dear ſoever I this favour prize,
Yet, from your goodneſs this regret does riſe:
That here expected by you, it may chance
Breed doubt which brings me, love—or complaiſance
For your commands may ſeem to make it prove
More my obedience then an act of love.

Lyſet. { *appearing at the door with Lucia, whom ſhe obliges to retire a ſtep or two.*

Madam, a Gentleman is there you ſee.
Stay.

Lucia. (*aſide.*

'Tis *Orontus*, Ah! falſe man, 'tis he!

Dorothea. (*to Orontus.*

While you ſurprize me by your Complement
With art enough, you my complaints prevent.
But, ſay your ſelf, what ſhall I now believe?

Orontus.

My Joy's ſo great, you may the truth perceive.

Dorothea.

I doubt 'tis art.

Orontus.

Small reaſon in this caſe.

Dorothea.

A treacherous ſoul oft hath a ſmiling face.

Orontus.

To be ſecure, this a ſafe way will prove,

Ask your own heart, that knows how I do love.

Dorothea.

It owns no secrets.

Orontus.

More then you confess,
Vouchsafe to hear it, it will speak no less.
Besides which, my Devoirs my love sets forth.

Dorothea.

Which being forc'd, are but of little worth.

Orontus.

The Homage paid those Eyes, which rule my heart,
Are they esteem'd a force then, on your part?
That love which no self-interests defile,
That has no dross, no mixture, nought that's vile.

Dorothea.

You set it highly forth.

Orontus,

Have I not cause,
Since 'tis your Vertue only gives it lawes?
Your worth, the only motive comprehends,
Of my true love,—And such love's without ends.

Dorothea.

I may presume it then, to be long liv'd;
This rare, this noble birth from me deriv'd;
For though, the pow'r of time most pow'rful be,
Can that e're make me cease from being me?

Orontus.

It were great wrong both to my Faith and Will,
To doubt my Love were not immortal still.

Dorothea.

You speak so lavishly, I justly fear,
Least some surprizal you intended here.

Orontus.

Does my Sincerity suspicion give?

Dorothea.

They hazard much, that lightly do believe.

Orontus.

Hopes founded on great Merits, may be said

By being limited to be betraid.
Such ought from ſo firm rules not to depart,
Which lays a claim to every noble heart.

Dorothea.

From thence it comes, ſoon as your Eyes give fire
You conquer ev'ry object you deſire.

Orontus.

From hence it is with little fear I do
See others under-hand, attempting you.
I ſerve you out of love,—*Eraſtes* out
Of gain,—your Eye-ſight's good, what need I doubt?

Dorothea.

Your merits do preſage you cannot fail,
Set againſt him, you muſt o'reweigh the ſcale.

Orontus.

Go as it will, my ſelf I'le ſatisfy.
Thoſe ſhall deſerve my care, that will comply:
Or if another choice they ſhall purſue,
Th'rough their own folly.—My Faith bids adieu.

Dorothea.

Such weakneſs in my choice ſhall never be;
This ſly reproach is it addreſs'd to me?

Orontus.

Your lov's too ſcrupulous, I'le tell yee true.
Such general terms, do not reflect on you.
—But, I hear noiſe!

Dorothea, counterfeiting aſtoniſhment.

Where is't?

Orontus.

You ſeem to fear,
And look———

Dorothea.

I look't about for *Lyſet* here.
I thought I ſaw her.

Orontus.

So you might. I ſay———

Dorothea.

What is become of her?

Orontus.

Orontus.

She's gone this way;
I'le go and call her.

Dorothea, (*feigning to withhold him.*

Gods! what would you do?

Orontus.

Shew a small proof, of my great Zeal for you.

Dorothea.

Still with your Love suspicion does appear.
But, know, if any person were hid there
Without my leave, perhaps my woman may——

Orontus.

That you are guilty, Madam, who dares say?
This time you speak against your self, I see.

Dorothea.

I've cause to fear your prying jealousie
Since yesterday you stuck the same reproach.

Orontus.

Pray do but cause your woman to approach.

Dorothea, (*still holds him.*

And under that pretence your doubts begin
To——

Orontus.

Then permit——

Cliton.

Erastes is within.
Put on Sir, make the naked truth appear;
Perhaps 'tis *Lysets* t'other Husband's there!

Dorothea.

Well, do your pleasure, Sir, but after this.

Orontus.

Y'are much allarm'd.—— *Lyset!*

ACT. V. SCEN. VIII.

ORONTUS, DOROTHEA, LUCIA, LYSET, CLITON.

Lucia, {*discovering her self suddenly to* Orontus.

AH! here she is!
Take courage man, Fate cannot be withstood.
Cliton, (*aside.*
Cheapners enough,—this Market must be good.
Orontus, (*to* Cliton.
What unexpected Lab'rinth am I in!
Cliton.
Your Wit's a Clue, will guide you out agin.
Lucia, (*to* Orontus.
Well, Faithless Lover?
Dorothea.
Lover so untrue!
Lucia.
What turn by turn your heart thus shar'd 'twixt two?
Dorothea.
Inconstant!
Lucia.
Perjur'd!
Dorothea.
Scornful!
Lucia.
Flat'ring!—Nay—
Dorothea.
Ungrateful!
Lucia.
Trayton!
Orontus.
Have yee more to say?

Lucia.

Lucia.

After ſo many Vows, without pretence——

Cliton.

Maſter, for fear o'th' worſt, let's ee'n pack hence:
Should theſe fly on's, as ſome ſhe Dragons do;
Adieu, Gallants, to Man and Mounſir too.

Dorothea.

In fine, the truth, in ſpite of all your skill——

Orontus.

Pray, let me hear th' Inditement, if you will?

Dorothea.

Can you demand, yet, what your Crime ſhould be?

Orontus.

Yes, having not the gift of Propheſie.

Lucia.

Deny theſe Treaſons, are ſo Evident,
Shews you not falſer now, then impudent.

Orontus.

Do not paſs ſentence, e're you name the Crime.

Dorothea.

You never told me, that your heart was mine?
That you thoſe Oaths and Vows would ne're forget?

Orontus.

I'le ſwear all this agen, I love ye yet,

Lucia.

Can you love her, falſe Man, ſo oft did ſay,
Nay ſwear, your heart did yeild to *Lucia*?
And that——

Orontus.

All this I'le ſtill make good, and more.

Lucia.

Love me?

Yes, you

Dorothea.

And me?

Orontus.

I ſtill adore.

Lucia.

Mark but his confidence, though both are by?

Orontus.

In vain my love for you, I ſhould deny,
Too well you know me not to claim a part.

Dorothea.

Why Court you me then, if ſhe have your heart?

Orontus.

For love.

Dorothea.

—What love?

Orontus.

——True love

Dorothea.

True love,—how ſo?

Orontus.

Why, true love, Madam, does from Reaſon flow.
And Reaſon tells me whereſoe're I ſee
Beauty (like pow'r) it muſt adored be.
Thus whilſt in each of you ſuch Charms I meet,
I equally am drawn to baits ſo ſweet.
Nor can you blame me for't, ſince whilſt I do
Her beauty prize, I pay your's worſhip too.

Dorothea.

But, ſince you firſt, or laſt, muſt chuſe, let's ſee
Who you'l prefer?

Orontus.

That ſtill muſt ſecret be.

Dorothea.

Come, come, you muſt declare.

Orontus.

No,—for in brief
I fear the ſhe I leave would dye for grief.

Lucia.

Sir, you may chuſe elſewhere, as you like beſt.
Truly, you well deſerve all this conteſt.

Orontus.

Nay, if you'r thus indiffrent. Here I'le vow
My conſtant Love. I'm *Dorotheas* now.

Lucia.

The mighty prize I yeild with willing mind.

Orontus.

Had I declar'd for you, youl'd ſpeak more kind.

Lucia.

Her Fortunes great, it cannot be deny'd.

Orontus.

Diſgrace is ſtill attended with falſe Pride.
And yet the loſs perhaps breeds trouble too.
(*to Dorothea.*
You to whom henceforth, all my love is due,
Believe———

Dorothea.

This ſudden change admits of doubt.

Orontus.

Your Wit, on ſecond thoughts will make it out.
Since your more great deſerts doe you prefer.

Dorothea.

Your various humour makes me fear you erre.
You ſwear to every one.

Orontus,

The Mode,—you ſee:
But as I am,—try how you like of me?

ACT. V. SCEN. IX.

ARGANTE, ORONTUS, FLORAME, ERASTES, DOROTHEA, LUCIA, LYSET, CLITON.

Eraſtes, } *coming in before* Argante,
{ *ſpeaking to* Dorothea.

HEre is your Letter, which I would alledge,
—But—how—my Siſter here?

Argante

Argante, { *coming in with* Florame.

Her faith I'le pledge,
I'm Father.

Florame.

O! but rather then constrain——
Your coldness gives me just cause to complain,
If false repotts alone disturb your mind;
Or cause *Orontus,* you in presence find:
Know, that which brings him's *Lucia*'s love, for I—

Lucia.

Sir, what you speak of me, I must deny.
My love's beyond *Orontus* hopes so far——

Florame, (to *Argante.*

Then suffer me, at this time to declare,
That having dar'd at *Lucia*'s Bed to aim,
The honour of your Sonship would be vain.
Nor can I, Sir, accept of it at last.
But here's *Erastes*——

Erastes.

No the Dyce is cast;
To love that false One, I shall ne're accord.
But, Sir, to you, that I may keep my word,
Lead home my Sister—You th' effect shall see.

Florame, (to *Argante.*

Adieu,—Don't envy my prosperitie.

ACT.

ACT. V. SCEN. X.

ARGANTE, ORONTUS, DOROTHEA, LYSET, CLITON.

Argante, (to *Orontus.*

WHat means all this; Does *Lucia Florame* love?
And is not she the object you approve;
With whom this night caught in your Love design,
You leap'd their Garden wall, and came to mine?

Orontus.

Sir,—'tis high time, I should you disabuse;
Know therefore, only Love shap'd that Excuse.

Argante.

What meet my Girle by night, and both to dare—

Orontus.

Pray make no trouble.

Argante.

You shall Marry her.

Orontus.

I must consent to Wed at last, for I
Have no way else to End this Comedy?

Dorothea.

Bring you to Marriage! Who could this fore-show?

Orontus.

This ends my Part, and it must needs be so.

Cliton.

Yet the Conclusion will imperfect be;
To wind up all, *Lyset* should Marry me.

Dorothea.

Do'st love her?

Cliton.

I dye for her.

Dorothea.

Then she's thine.

Cliton.

Citon, to Lyset.

My pretty One——

Lyset.

Not [illegible] choice [illegible];
Can'st thou maintain me, like a Damsel fair?

Citon.

Yes, [illegible]

Lyset.

[illegible] thou [illegible]?

Citon.

——Take you no care.

Lyset.

[illegible] secure me?

Citon, spoiling to Orontus.

He,

Orontus.

I'le do't, ——give o're.

Lyset.

[illegible] the Money Count, ——Then I'le say more.

End of the Fifth ACT.

FINIS.